

# The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER • 1955

Understanding Africa

A. Z. BAKER

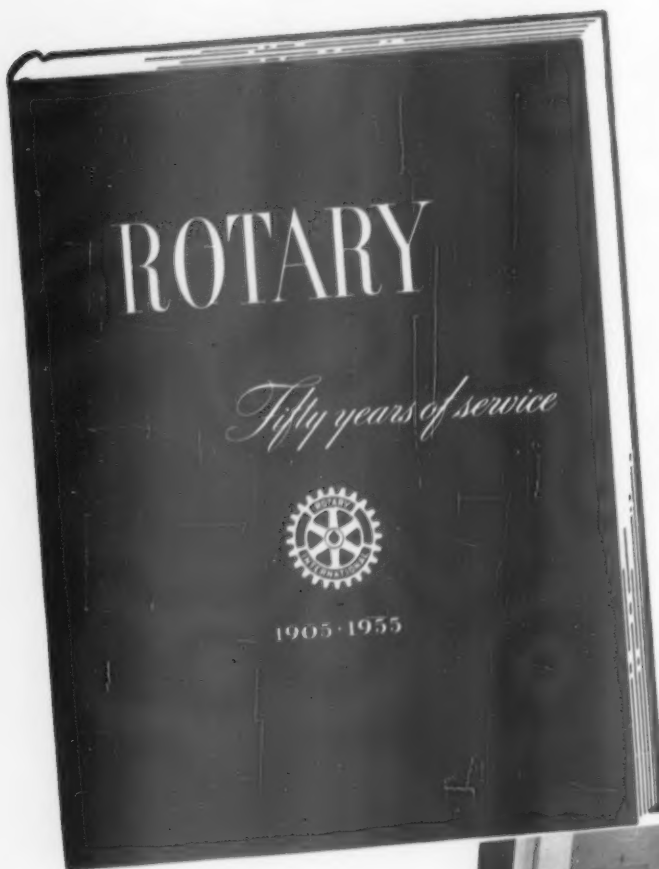
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## Your Letters

### Re: Russians' Visit

By W. AIRD MACDONALD, Rotarian  
Conservation Control Officer  
Stockton, California

The story of the visit of a group of Russian farmers to two Rotary Clubs in the Midwest [*Russians at Rotary*, THE ROTARIAN for October] reminds us of the day they visited us here in Stockton. Rotarian Wes Fleming, county farm ad-



A rider's dash impresses the Russians.

visor, arranged for a farm demonstration. Then to add a bit of spice and color to the affair, his daughter, Jeanne, dashed into the corral at full gallop astride a white Arabian steed [see photo]. She was dressed in the flowing robes of a desert sheik. The white mare she rode was imported from Syria in 1947 by the late William Randolph Hearst, newspaper publisher, and is now a stock saddle horse on the Howard Marks Arabian Farm near Tracy, California. The Russians seemed happily impressed with the demonstration of horsemanship.

### Courtesy—Answer to Test

THINKS C. MURRAY BOOYSEN, Rotarian  
Past Service  
Pietermaritzburg, South Africa

I have endeavored to find the perfect answer to The Four-Way Test [see *Savannah Takes The Test*, by Robert A. Placek, THE ROTARIAN for October], and I am convinced that I have that answer in the one simple word "courtesy." If it is the truth, it is courtesy; to be untruthful is discourteous in the extreme. If it is fair to all concerned, it is courte-

EDITORS' NOTE: We always welcome letters from readers, be they Rotarians or their relatives or friends or whoever. We especially welcome letters commenting on the contents of each issue whether they agree or take issue with our contributors and us. We can't and don't present all of them in these columns, and we never print a letter which comes to us in anonymous form.

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sy; to benefit by being unfair is, to say the very least, most discourteous. What can build goodwill and better friendships more effectively than courtesy? And finally, everybody will undoubtedly benefit if people and nations are courteous to one another.

If this idea of courtesy could be extended into the field of international politics, world tensions would be eased and there would be greater international peace and goodwill. How better can international peace and goodwill be promoted than by urging all nations to give the perfect answer to The Four-Way Test? Personally I believe that the salvation of the world lies in being courteous to one another.

### Wrong Photo Used

Points Out PHUA SRIVISAR, Rotarian  
Senior Active  
Bangkok, Thailand

On page 16 of THE ROTARIAN for September, in the article *Appraisal at San Francisco*, by Charles L. Wheeler and Cyrus P. Barnum, is a photograph which is supposed to be that of Prince Wan Walthayakon.



Prince Wan

This is incorrect. The photograph is that of Dr. Thanat Koman, who is the

Permanent Representative to the United Nations from Thailand.

EOS, NOTE: Our apologies to both Prince Wan Walthayakon and Dr. Thanat Koman for the regrettable error. From a photo showing the two men, which carried incomplete caption data, we selected the wrong man. In our October issue we presented an article by Prince Wan and a correct picture of him.

### News of a Moose

From F. C. ROUCHE, Rotarian  
Newspaper Publisher  
West Los Angeles, California

Members of the Rotary Club of West Los Angeles are unanimous in the opinion that the cover of the October issue of THE ROTARIAN was inspired by the story of the prize bull moose, killed by S. N. Benjamin, which appeared in our commemorative booklet *The First Twenty-Five Years!*—Rotary Club of West Los Angeles, published in 1954.

Ben's moose was indeed an authentic prize winner, having brought Ben the medal for the largest spread ever shot south of the Canadian border, by none other than the Boone and Crockett Club in connection with the American Museum of Natural History.

I personally doubt if artist Don Nelson ever even knew of Ben's moose, but I am scoffed at by the other 92 members of our Club, some of whom helped eat the moose (of which I was one). As they tell it now, this was the world's monster moose. It had a wing spread of about 75 feet, they now say, the carcass weighing about 5,000 pounds ready for the pot. Rotarians say that when Ben first got it in his sights, it was snorting big blasts of fire from its nostrils, its eyes burned

like locomotive headlights, and in its rage it was tearing up 100-foot sugar pines with its horns, tossing them in the air like toothpicks. Also that every hunter in moose country knew about this beast and had been giving it a wide berth for years, figuring nothing short of a 75-mm. cannon would ever bring him down. They now say that Ben dropped the monster with one shot, through the pupil of its right eye, from his 22 target pistol.

But Ben says: "I was using a model 71 Winchester, 348 caliber. My first shot nicked him through the heart. . . . The spread was 58½ inches. Weight about 1,600 pounds."

### The Carbondale Rotary Wheel

By JEFF A. ANDERSON, Rotarian  
Lumber Retailer  
Carbondale, Illinois

By now thousands of Rotarians have seen the International Walk in front of Rotary's world headquarters building in Evanston, Illinois, or have read about it in their Magazine [see *Stones That Speak of Fellowship*, THE ROTARIAN for June]. Country after country is sending a piece of stone to fit into that Walk. Someday all the countries and geographical regions in Rotary will be represented.

We have in Carbondale a Rotary wheel which is international in the same way—though ours was completed in 1926. One Rotary Club in each of the 35 countries in which there was then a Rotary Club was asked to make a part of this wooden wheel, and to fashion it so perfectly, according to a blueprint which accompanied the request, that when it got to Carbondale no additional work would have to be done on it in order to make it fit perfectly into its right place.

Soon the pieces started to come in: from Rome, Italy, a tooth made from bergamotto wood; from Launceston, Australia, a spoke made from blackwood; from Osaka, Japan, a piece of rim made from cherry wood; etc.

The Clubs followed the instructions carefully, and soon our wheel was completed [see photo]. Ever since, it has been a highly prized possession of the Rotary Club of Carbondale.

The lesson in [Continued on page 57]



A wheel of many woods (see letter).



# THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS FROM 1600 RIDGE AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

**PRESIDENT.** As his term neared its mid-point, President A. Z. Baker had behind him 24,000 miles of Rotary visits in Africa and parts of Europe (see pages 6-13), ahead of him a six-week tour of Rotary countries in Pacific regions. This new journey was to begin November 10, and again the President would be accompanied by his wife, Cornelia. The itinerary: Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, Singapore, Federation of Malaya, Thailand, Hong Kong, China, The Philippines, Korea, and Japan.

**CONVENTION.** Just around the Gregorian corner is 1956, a turn that will put Rotary's 47th Annual Convention no more than five months away. The site: Philadelphia, Pa. The dates: June 3-7. Indicative of the early planning Rotary Conventions take is this down-on-paper fact: Opening night in Philadelphia will feature the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.... To Rotary Clubs has gone information about a 16-mm. film about the Convention city. Entitled "Holiday in Philadelphia," it runs for 13½ minutes, is in sound and color, and may be obtained by Clubs without cost (except for shipping charges) by writing to the Philadelphia Convention Bureau, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

**CONFERENCE.** Soon after the meeting in Philadelphia, another international Rotary gathering will take place in Sydney, Australia—the Pacific Regional Conference for Rotarians and their families of that area, though those beyond it are welcome. The dates: November 12-15, 1956.... On November 15, 1955, the Pacific Regional Conference Committee was to meet in Sydney, with President Baker's itinerary (see above) including his attendance.

**COMMITTEE MEETING.** To consider matters pertaining to the Constitutional documents of Rotary International, the Constitution and By-Laws Committee will meet in Evanston, Ill., on December 5-6.

**FLOODS RETURN.** Water and wind have brought disaster upon millions in India, Mexico, and the U.S.A. in recent weeks. As the U. S. Northeast was digging out after Hurricane Diane, the rains came again to inundate many of the same towns. Relief help by Rotary Clubs was then going on—and continues still—as reported on page 52.

**SCREENING BEGINS.** Under way in some 130 eligible Districts is the exacting job of screening hundreds of applications for 1956-57 Rotary Foundation Fellowship awards. Begun in Clubs, the process moves on to the District level where special Committees meet to choose District candidates. Final selection is to be made by the Foundation Fellowships and International Student Exchange Committee at its January, 1956, meeting. The dates for this sorting: Clubs to complete their work and submit applications to District Governors by December 1; the Secretary of Rotary International to have files of District candidates by December 31.

**MORE STAMPS.** To the Rotary commemorative stamps listed in the June issue of this Magazine, add these: three Nicaraguan issues—one for regular postage, two for airmail; two Colombian issues—one regular postage, one airmail. (Next month an article will review all Anniversary commemoratives.)

**CHRISTMAS A-COMING...** and it'll be made merrier for the needy, orphans, and old folks by Rotary Clubs doing such work recounted on pages 39-41.

**VITAL STATISTICS.** On October 25 there were 8,864 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 419,000 Rotarians in 93 countries and geographical regions. New Clubs since July 1, 1955, totalled 87.

## The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.  
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation and an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.  
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.



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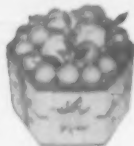
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**W. Ross Walton**  
CLERMONT, FLORIDA

# The Editors' WORKSHOP

THE CALENDAR YEAR in which Rotary marked its 50th Birthday is now expiring, but all around the world—as the President noted in Africa—there are enduring, living monuments to the Anniversary observance. There are new hospital wings, new crippled-children clinics, new day nurseries, new scholarship funds, new ambulances, new youth centers, new parks and camps, new things of many sorts all thrust up in their communities by the impetus which Rotary's Birthday gave its Clubs in country after country. The record, the partial record of all this, crams drawer upon drawer of filing space in your Central Office and other files in some 8,000 communities around the earth. Every now and then a golden ray reminiscent of the year will shine through the day's events in your Club and ours and through the pages of this Magazine. One will brighten the pages of the January issue in which Burleigh Jacobs, president of the American Philatelic Society and Rotarian of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will bring you up to date on the "Rotary commemoratives." His theme's to be "A Collector Looks at the Rotary Stamps," and whether or not you've been gathering these bright issues from so many countries you'll find his story mighty readable and a further boost to your pride in the organization whose emblem you wear.

WE MENTIONED the President's trip to Africa and that reminds us that we would make a low bow to the photographers of the once-dark continent for providing us with an abundance of the finest, brightest pictures of a Presidential visit we have worked with in a long while. They poured hundreds of prints to us; we could use only the few you see in opening pages of this issue. Our paper stock does not stretch nearly far enough.

WE ACQUIRED a new tool for this workshop the other day. It came in 90 individ-

ual, paper-wrapped packages, each postmarked Madrid, Spain. It's a new Spanish encyclopedia for the special use of the little group that edits the Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA, but of value and interest to everybody here. *Expasa-Calpe* is regarded as the standard of Spanish encyclopedias and is to be found throughout the world of Spanish-speaking peoples. One thing about it that amazes some of us here is that it gives you a subject it is going to treat—the name of it, that is—in seven languages: Spanish, Portuguese, Catalan, French, Italian, English, and Esperanto! Another matter of surprise: it presents rather detailed street maps of cities all over the world. Here are 90 volumes, 135,000 pages, 170 million words, and 158,800 illustrations. The photo shows the Editor of REVISTA getting into Volume 90.



## Our Cover

THERE ARE six Rotary Clubs in Honduras, which, if you've forgotten, is on the Caribbean Sea in Central America. To the 150 members of those Clubs the street scene on our cover will be warmly familiar—home, in fact. It depicts a village named San Antonio, Honduras, during the Christmas holidays and is a water color by J. Antonio Valasquez of that country. Note, at the left in the scene, the *nacimiento* or crèche. These miniature tableaux are traditional throughout Ibero-America and the small figures are often modelled by the amateur artist in the family and become heirlooms of great treasure. We are indebted to Artist Valasquez and to Hallmark Cards, Inc., of Kansas City, Missouri, for the privilege of reproducing the painting. It won a prize in the Second International Hallmark Art Award contest of 1952. Joyce C. Hall, by the way, is a member of the Rotary Club of Kansas City. . . . And not just by the way, a very Merry Christmas to all among our readers who observe it.—Eos.



# ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

FLORENCE HAYES is editor of *Outreach* magazine and a writer of books, six being children's stories that have been translated into several languages. She travels much, her log including Europe, Mexico, Central America, the United States. Music and drama stir her spirits.



Hayes

As president of the International Youth Hostel Federation, LEO MEILINK, Rotarian of Ede, The Netherlands, is head of a group of 3,000 hostels with more than one million members. He is personnel manager of a rayon union. Last year QUEEN JULIANA made him a Knight of the Order of Orange Nassau for "service to outdoor recreation."



Meilink

HAROLD P. ZELKO, a professor of public speaking at Pennsylvania State University, writes about a subject dear to all speakers: the art of listening.



Detzer

Before joining *The Reader's Digest* as a roving editor, KARL DETZER was a reporter, advertising copywriter, Hollywood scenarist. Several books bear his name as author, in addition to hundreds of magazine articles. He loves to chase fire engines and patrol beaches with the U. S. Coast Guard.



Rubin

A small-town newspaper editor—and enjoying every minute of it—is LEN S. RUBIN, chief of the Maywood (N. J.) *Our Town* weekly. A Rotarian, he is an ex-table tennis player, now ardent golfer. . . . DAVID R. WALLIN is a reporter for the St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch*. He gathered material for his article on a vacation trek into South American jungles. . . . ARTHUR HARGRAVE, of Berkeley, Calif., holds the "commercial printing" classification in his Club.

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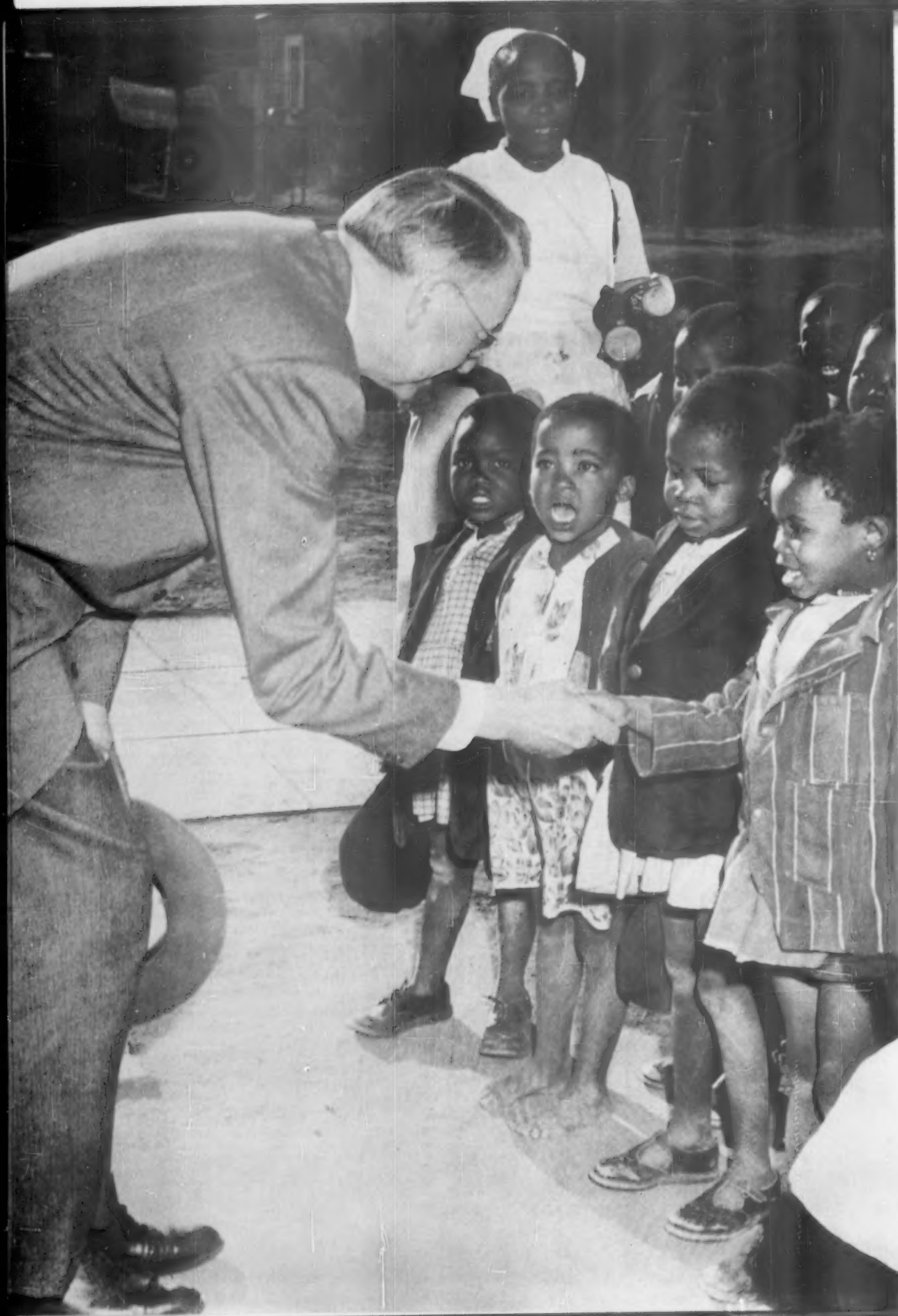
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# A DESTINY in Africa

*The one thing this vast, many-peopled, and now awakening continent needs most from the rest of the world is understanding, says Rotary's President after 20,000 miles of travel over it. The 109 Rotary Clubs within it and the 8,700 out of it are, he feels, in a unique and effective position to advance it.*

**By A. Z. BAKER**

*President, Rotary International*

**H**IGH in the Matopo Hills of Southern Rhodesia is a place called World's View, the burial site of Cecil John Rhodes, who directed in his will that his remains be placed there in a simple grave cut into the solid rock at the top of the granite hill overlooking the Africa he loved so much and served so well.

Here is indeed a View of the World—a panorama of mountains, gorges, rivers, plains, and misty purple horizons running out to all the shores of earth's second-largest continent.

It is no wonder that the great empire builder loved this place and acquired for himself many acres of land thereabouts. Here he could see and feel the Africa for which he dreamed his great dreams of federation, of railroads reaching from the Cape to Cairo, of agricultural colleges which would teach the natives to raise fatter cattle and richer grasses. And it was here he met the tribal chieftains to make peace, to open for development the vast tracts of green and virgin earth.

Cornelia and I climbed that rugged hill a few weeks ago to get a better "View of the World." It is a steep climb, requiring rubber-soled shoes, stout hearts, and good wind; but once the top is reached, the effort seems pitifully small.

It was easy, as we stood on that windy rock high above the plains, to think of Africa as a whole, to think of its immense rain forests, deserts, mountains, rivers, and plains as being all of one piece and of its 200 million people as being all of one family. This it is hard to do down in the cities, for the infinite variety of peoples, tongues, cultures, Governments, and outlooks that obtains in Africa makes it among the most divided and subdivided living place on earth, with its chief if not only unity to be found in its continental oneness.

I corrected my own thoughts as we stood there. There is, I reflected, a unity in Africa, a unifying force of great achievement and of far greater potential. If we could see far enough in all directions, we could observe 109 Rotary Clubs all around the great coastal fringe of Africa, and within it, helping to sweeten their communities and their countries, extending open hands to each other and to people across the seas, and bringing the unity of better understanding to all their human contacts. Rotary, it seemed clear on that mountaintop, has a great part to play, a great destiny in Africa, but if it is to be fulfilled it will require the help and understanding of all the thousands of men in 93 countries who make up the 8,800 Clubs of Rotary.

It was with the thought that we all need to understand Africa and Rotary in Africa a little better that Cornelia and I recently visited Rotary Clubs from the Mediterranean to the Cape, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Flying some 20,000 miles between them, we stopped in 30 Rotary communities and talked with men and women from 70 others; went to great intercity meetings and quiet "sundowners"; saw cattle ranches, farms and pineapple fields, copper mines and packing houses; marvelled at modern cities in the jungle and at new things rising everywhere — houses, schools, hospitals, mines, factories, wharves, and airports. Back of so many of these developments is the unobtrusive but enthusiastic leadership of Rotarians.

Now we are back home with a bewildering assortment of memories, notes, and pictures of a profound experience which will have little meaning unless we share it with you. To do so I need to go again to the mountaintop to sift the important from the mass, and even then I am not sure I could.

Physically, Africa is many things—a great level tableland that reminded us in many parts of our own West as I knew it 50 years ago—wide open, rolling, grassy plains untouched by plow or ax or human foot, for that matter. To the north, of course, is the Sahara, into which one could fit the whole

*Singing their special welcome song, these tots greet Rotary's President, A. Z. Baker, as he visits their crèche in Bloemfontein, Union of South Africa. The nursery is typical of projects the 60 Rotary Clubs in the Union initiate among their "native" populations.*



*With 12 ounces of tickets in hand, A. Z. Baker and Cornelia Baker, of Cleveland, Ohio, and of the First Coupleship of Rotary International, prepare to leave home shores. First stop was Belgium and several Club visits there. Then came the 20,000-mile African trip, then extensive Rotary travels in Europe: in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, France.*



*In the Belgian Congo, a land new on the Rotary list, the President visits Elisabethville, and with Club Charter President Arthur Vroonen enjoys the charter-day events.*

Photos: (top) Aviation News; (below) Field



of my own huge country, and north of it the fringe of green along the Mediterranean. To the center are the huge rain forests along the Congo and its countless tributaries—where as much as 350 inches of rain may fall each year. Here, they said as we flew over it, is darkest Africa, much of it never penetrated, but it's only a small part of Africa. To the east and running for thousands of miles north and south are mountains that reach nearly 20,000 feet, and to the south the lovely, hilly, fertile, mineral-rich lands of the Transvaal and the Cape Provinces.

Despite all its ancient history, and despite all its modern development, Africa seemed to us a slumbering giant just now rousing to the bright opportunities of the new day. Despite all the fine sheep in South Africa, which outnumber those in my country, despite all the herds of cattle that graze in the Congo, the Free State, and Natal, despite all the cotton, grains, and fruits that are grown on terraced mountainsides of Ethiopia, along the Nile, and in many other sections of Africa, the land seems to have only begun its agricultural development. We saw cattle in Rhodesia and the Transvaal, superb horses in Bloemfontein, Sudan, and Egypt, and a great pineapple development in Natal, but even the farmers who have achieved so much volunteer the opinion that agriculturally Africa is in its infancy, that the future is brilliant beyond comprehension—if there can be peace and understanding among the peoples in Africa and with peoples of other lands.

**T**HE same, we felt, is true of Africa industrially. We saw the great Copper Belt in Northern Rhodesia near Lusaka and Ndola, and the rich gold mines around proud Johannesburg, and were told of the diamond mines of Kimberley. In Port Elizabeth, friends pointed out their great auto-assembly and tire-manufacturing plants. In Dar-es-Salaam I saw a new meat-packing plant, a model of efficiency, that is processing and canning several hundred head of cattle a day. In Cairo I saw the cotton market and allied industries, marvels of human and mechanical organization, and I learned again the value of song to keep workers happy at their labor. In the Sudan and Egypt we saw hydroelectric works and great barrages or dams which control the water and feed the irrigation ditches carrying the life-giving water to the crops growing the year around.

Water, in Africa as in parts of my country, is the vital element not only limiting agricultural production, but also governing human life itself. In Africa the year is divided into the rainy season and the dry season, rather than Summer and Winter. The great problem is to conserve the abundance of water which falls in the rainy season so that it may be available throughout the dry season. Here again, understanding, coöperation, and goodwill among the people and Governments of many countries are essential.

Uranium, gold, copper, chrome, diamonds, coal,

*It is a memorable day in Paarden Eiland in the Union of South Africa. It is charter night—with Rotary's world leader there to present the charter. There are friends of many other Clubs on hand. And there's a delicious banquet—roast leg of springbok. For this the Club President, John Vivian, calls the chef from the kitchen and proposes a toast of gratitude to him.*

# AFRICA

A MAP showing the route of President A. Z. Baker on his recent visit among the 109 Rotary Clubs of Africa. The dots in color indicate scheduled "Rotary stops" where he met with hundreds of Rotarians and their wives from surrounding communities. The distribution of the Clubs in Africa is as follows: Algeria—7 Clubs; Anglo-Egyptian Sudan—2; Angola—1; Belgian Congo—3; Ethiopia—8; French West Africa—1; Kenya—3; Morocco—9; Northern Rhodesia—4; Nyasaland—1; Southern Rhodesia—6; South West Africa—1; Tanganyika—1; Tunisia—1; and the Union of South Africa—60.



Map by  
W. W. Wind









## Every Man Is 'Uncle Paul' in Bellville

**YES, SIR**, to every one of the 120 children in a Sunshine Home in Bellville, Union of South Africa, every one of the 30 members of the local Rotary Club is "Uncle Paul." This is why: Soon after its launching a year or so ago, the Rotary Club of Bellville wondered if it could help this fine institution for young tuberculosis suspects and learned that the children—60 of them white and 60 "native"—had no spending money and no place to spend any anyway. Thus the Club set up on the grounds a little store named after Rotary's Founder, Paul P. Harris. Open every Saturday it vends sweets—and not only that: it also provides the cash with which to buy them, 3 pence per week per child. Here you see Rotary's world President, A. Z. Baker, at work in the Tuck Shop on his recent visit to Bellville. He manned a pay-out table with Club President Gino Consani, then the sweets counter, where his ethical standards came into question. He weighed out candy with so large a hand that the small customers wanted to deal only with him. Then he treated everybody to ice cream.



Photos: Field

who speaks for "apartheid" and the man who speaks for "Africa for the Africans" and the man who is somewhere between. Nowhere, I am sure, is there finer Community Service in Rotary and nowhere do Rotarians of different origins and persuasions join more enthusiastically to do it.

There is, we learned, a natural progression in these projects. Often it starts with sanitation. A Rotary Club sets out to raise health standards in its native community and this leads to the problem of better housing. Working alone or with Government, it sets in motion a project that results in rows of neat houses to be sold or rented to native families. Next it may turn to hospitals and after that to playgrounds, day nurseries, schools, even secondary schools. We saw fine, well-equipped high schools for natives, which but for the Rotary Clubs might not have been there. We saw a housing development for old folks—small duplex houses with a couple in each unit. Here the Rotary Club dreamed the dream and with the help of the Government and endowments realized it. Rotary works in Africa as it works elsewhere—it sees the need, takes steps to fill it, pours in intelligence, manpower, and cash, brings the project to completion, sets it running, and then turns it over to other authorities to operate or sets up an independent operating body.

We saw Vocational Service at work in native villages, as among individual natives who were started as peddlers, then encouraged and helped to set up

little stands. Succeeding in them, they were enabled to open larger shops. In this way they develop a talent, a trade, pride and independence, and recognition of the value of ethical standards.

Every Rotary Club in Africa is a service in itself. In many a city in the Cape Provinces the Club is the common meeting ground of South Africans of English descent and Afrikaners of Dutch origin. In Cairo friends of 17 nationalities break bread together when Rotary meets every week. It is the same in the thriving Clubs of Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam, Khartoum, and now of Addis Ababa. What an opportunity for improving relations between individuals of so many diverse origins these fine men have—and they are alive to it.

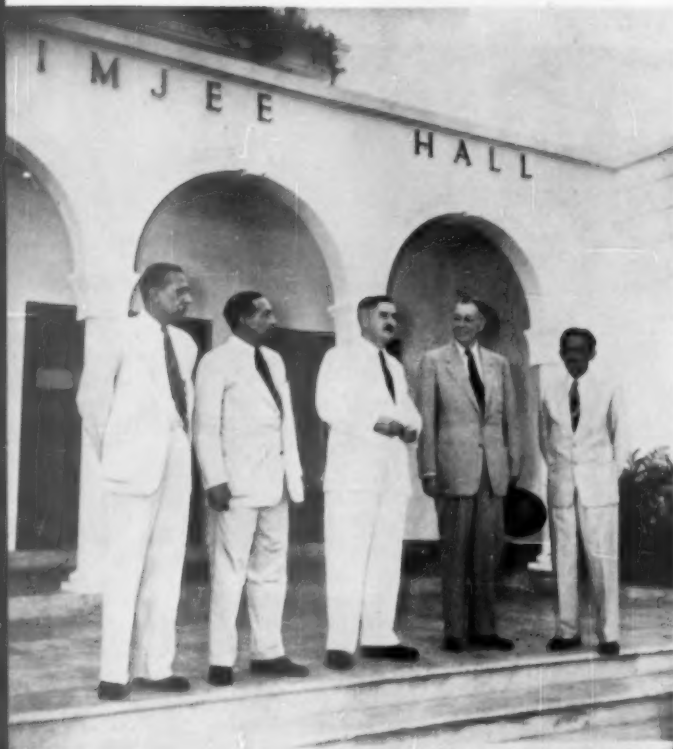
Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia proved fully aware and appreciative of the fact that the new Rotary Club in his capital city had drawn together a world mixture of men. He had welcomed Rotary, and had seen his own Acting Foreign Minister become the charter President. The Emperor gave me a pleasant half-hour audience, during which he spoke not only of Rotary, but of his hopes and plans for developing the agricultural economy of his country. Technicians with whom I talked remarked that they wish the people would follow as fast as their leader could lead.

There is more "new Rotary" in Africa than on any other continent. Of the five countries added to the long list of "Rotary countries" in 1955, four are in Africa, and it was my pleasure [Continued on page 59]

*All along his route Clubs show the international President their services to their communities. Here are some he saw in Port Elizabeth, Union of South Africa, where the Club has provided (below) this pool for native children. Note the supervisor plugging his ears! At the airport (right) the Club installed as a Rotary Golden Anniversary project this large metallic world map as a geographic aid to travellers.*



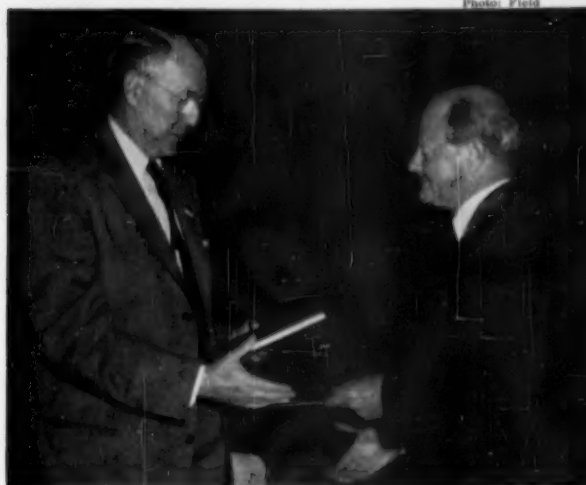
Photos: (above) Middlebrook; (inset) Port Elizabeth Evening Post



Visiting the eight-year-old Rotary Club of Dar-es-Salaam, President Baker goes with Club and civic officers to Karimjee Hall, where Tanganyika's Legislative Council and Assembly meet and where many community functions take place. The beautiful, well-equipped Hall was given to the city by Abdulkarim Y. A. Karimjee, Acting Club President, seen at right in the photo.

*It's a history of the Rotary Club of Capetown, now 30 years old, which Club President L. Grahame ("Plum") Plumbly presents to President "A. Z."—at an intercity meeting there.*

Photo: Field



Barely reaching the meeting on time because of a flight delay, the President finds 225 Rotarians from 18 Clubs in the Transvaal gathered in a hotel ballroom in Johannesburg. Here at the speaker's table are Deputy Mayor Rotarian Leslie Hurd, President Baker, Past District Governor J. J. Walker, and local Club President Pike.



Photo: Galt

For brilliance, for friendly warmth, the charter-night celebration in Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo (that is a view of the business district at the right) could hardly be surpassed. Rotary's International President Baker has just presented the charter to Club President André M. Deleu, who exuberantly holds it aloft for all to see.



Photo: Lamore



# It's FAIR Weather

Walter Williams has been U. S. Under Secretary of Commerce since 1953. Before that he was a businessman in Seattle, Wash., engaged in real estate and insurance. He is a former president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of America, and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Seattle.



*A U. S. policy-maker reports on his country's venture into trade fairs—  
an old idea for profitable service.*



Photo: Jordanide



(Above left) U. S. Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks (center) with Roy F. Williams, U. S. Director of Trade Fairs, visit with children at Brussels Fair. . . (Above) King Paul (in white, center front) and Queen Frederika open Greece's Salonika Fair.



by **WALTER WILLIAMS**

**Under Secretary of Commerce of the U.S.A.;  
Rotarian, Seattle, Wash.**

**J**UST a year ago the United States, in cooperation with industry, launched a global-wide trade-fair program "to tell adequately the story of our free-enterprise system and to provide effective international trade promotion cooperation," in the words of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Uncle Sam's first exhibit in the trade-fair movement last December in Bangkok, Thailand, showed that we were really in business to sell the American way of life; how the United States operates under a free political economy and how our productive capacity is dedicated to peaceful purposes and the progress of free nations.

Eager throngs flocked to view American trade exhibits, "See Yourself on TV" exhibits, the movie *This Is Cinerama*, latest-model automobiles, and farm equipment. More than 140 American firms exhibited their products under the general theme "The Fruits of Freedom."

Many Americans will recall the Bangkok event. They will remember the difficulties encountered before opening the first U. S. exhibit—difficulties of time, inexperience, and weather. A typhoon even threatened to wreck a ship bringing vital displays. Even so, they will recall with satisfying memories of being awarded Bangkok's first prize, of meeting thousands of Thais, and of strengthening the ties of trade.

Since that opening event of the U. S. Department of Commerce's International Trade-Fair Program, it is estimated that 15 million people have seen joint industry-Government exhibits in 16 fairs during the first or "crash" year of our program. Almost double that should see the second year's program since it will be principally in the

heavily populated Near and Far East sector.

Record turnouts have been reported this Fall in Djakarta, Indonesia; Stockholm, Sweden; Karachi, Pakistan; Salonika, Greece; Bari, Italy; Vienna, Austria; and Berlin, Germany. It is also estimated that more than 25,000 firms representing ten countries asked business questions of U. S. trade missions during the Spring fairs. And 5,000 of them had consultations ranging from 15 to 45 minutes to help them in their problems of import, export, licensing, etc.

Far more impressive than mere figures, though, are the personal

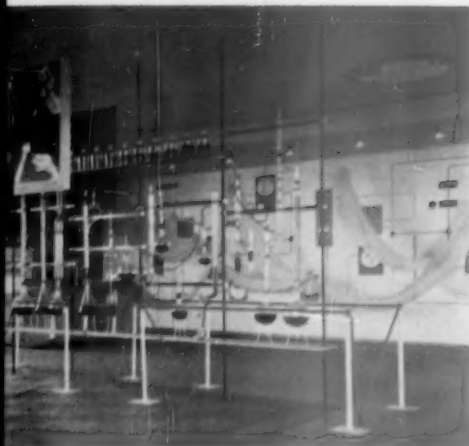
results. Let us take the Frankfurt, Germany, Fair, of which Karl T. Steidler, director of the foreign section of the fair, said: "The American exhibit has been the high light of the National Pavilion section. Tremendous interest."

Last March, 70,000 Germans strolled through the portals of the United States main pavilion; its theme was "America at Home." Here they saw a completely furnished full-scale five-room American home. Actors impersonating an American family—husband, wife, and two children—demonstrated what their standard of living meant; using the kitchen appliances, tuning the television set, and so on. In a separate display the Germans saw products used



*Minister of Commerce and Industry André Morice (gesturing), of France, thanks Secretary Weeks (at M. Morice's right) for U. S. participation in the Paris Fair.*

A VOCATIONAL-INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE



*Thread out of bottles! At Berlin Industries Fair during October, this display told story of the making of synthetic fibers in the U. S.*

in American homes—a magic kitchen, sewing machines, refrigerators, gardening equipment.

So successful was this exhibit that it was repeated in Brussels in April, was requested by the Munich Fair officials and by department stores in Sweden, Belgium, and France. As a businessman and a Rotarian, I am glad to say the U. S. Government shared credit for the show, shared it with private businessmen. We would have given a false impression if our free-enterprise system had been illustrated only by Government. Private businessmen—some of my country's best—freely gave weeks of their time to make this exhibit possible. They loaned more than 300 products to the display. They registered with our information booth, which was an integral part of our trade mission, and helped answer questions asked by interested Germans on doing two-way trade.

American businessmen called the Frankfurt Fair an unqualified success; in five days more than 1,300 meetings were held with German businessmen interested in American products. It is interesting to note that about one-third of these queries were concerned with *selling to* and the remainder with *buying from* the United States.

The spirit of our private businessmen joining our trade mission in answering import and export problems of the Germans was equalled by a large number of per-

sonable, wholesome young American women. When the U. S. exhibit needed more personnel to answer the questions, hostesses from U. S. air lines serving the Frankfurt area volunteered for duty. A German visitor might ask, "Does *every* family have a power lawn mower?" And a pleasant young lady could tell him from her own experience, "My father does, but our next-door neighbor doesn't."

The official U. S. exhibit at Frankfurt, which is characteristic of all American pavilions at international trade fairs, was organized to give two kinds of information. First, we helped visitors who wanted to buy U. S. products they saw on display; we put them in touch with U. S. suppliers and gave them useful information about purchases.

The second part of our message broke with tradition. It was directed to the European seller rather than the consumer. We tried to explain to this European exporter how *he* could sell more goods to U. S. buyers. We explained our marketing techniques, the preferences of U. S. housewives for certain kinds of packages, and other useful facts. So that this information would be to the point, our trade missions had gone to Germany several weeks before the fair opened, to talk with German businessmen at trade meetings and conferences. From them we learned what kind of questions to expect and what sort of information the Germans would find of help. Our trade-information centers also had on display all sorts of American trade magazines, directories, Government publications, and various data about the American market. What were questions like?

Well, a German businessman from Cologne had seen the model of a U. S. supermarket. "Is this set-up the usual one in your stores?" he asked. It was. He learned that canned goods are usually kept in one place, meats in another, dairy products in another. "Could I have a floor plan of such an arrangement?" he asked. He got one.

A woman manufacturer of novelty playing cards wanted to know whether she should export her wares to the United States. "Ev-

ery novelty store in the United States has cards like those," said the U. S. consultant. "But those"—he pointed to another design, facsimiles of 14th Century playing cards—"are individual. Try exporting those to the U.S.A.!"

The success of this two-way message was so great that it has been applied at succeeding fairs. We feel that American exhibits should be far more than a national boast. Or, put in terms familiar to all Rotarians, we believe in genuine International and Vocational Service.

Records clearly show that businessmen in other lands agree. Merchants and manufacturers in



*History-making pavilion is this one seen at the Constitution Fair in Bangkok, Thailand, one year ago—first U. S. exhibit anywhere. . . . (At right) Part of the "America at Home" display in the Frankfurt exhibit.*

Paris, Lyon, Verona, Valencia, Palermo, Hanover, Tokyo, Stockholm, Vienna, Berlin, Djakarta, Karachi, Salonika, and New Delhi have shown enthusiasm about our central exhibits and trade missions.

One French businessman drove 100 miles for a ten-minute trade-mission interview. He said he was completely satisfied with his journey. Another Frenchman remarked that while he had to wait two hours for his interview—there was quite a long line, about 76,000 crowded the American pavilion—he found the information well worth his while. Several of the foreign countries have requested the trade missions to return at their expense, so well were they received in their advice-giving.

A measure for the success of these face-to-face talks can be found in Tokyo's first great trade fair last May. Japanese manufac-

turers negotiated 265 technical licensing agreements with U. S. firms. Who can question the mutual advantage of such transactions? The American companies are rewarded for their research; the Japanese companies open profitable new markets and create new jobs.

To accommodate the many persons—more than 20,000 visited daily for a total of 200,000 during the fair (May 5-18)—the American exhibit at the Japanese Fair was opened to the public for a period of two weeks after the fair ended and drew several thousand visitors. The *Economic Journal of Japan* sponsored an exhibition of 28 of the American products in a tour of the cities of Osaka, Nagoya, Fukuoka, Sapporo, Sendai, and Kanazawa. This was done with the support and coöperation of the Economic Section of the Japanese Foreign Ministry.

We have tried to keep local interests in mind even with our exhibits themselves. In Djakarta, Indonesia; Karachi, Pakistan; and New Delhi, India, for example, we

24 21-inch sets scattered throughout the fairgrounds, created a problem to other nations. According to a newspaper report, their outdoor displays were blocked off by the backs of hundreds of fans getting their first glimpse of television on the American screens.

Do we hope someday to sell television equipment to the Asians? Certainly, we hope so! And, so they can afford it, we also hope to buy more products from their fast-developing lands. While on television, the *Morning News* of Karachi, on its editorial page, had this comment: "Participation of the United States for the first time in the Pakistan International Industries Fair has enabled the people of Pakistan to view that dream invention of modern times—the television."

In such hopes we see a basic and worthy motive for trade fairs: the mutual exchange of products, services, and ideas. Such was the one reason for the trade fair that Sidonius Apollinarius reported in Brue, France, in A.D. 427. Such is a motive in the young international fair in my home city of Seattle, Washington. But trade is not the only motive. Since that unrecorded day when a farm girl put a flower in her hair to attend the first fair on earth, there has been a social motive.

Folks do not long remain strangers in the exciting atmosphere of a fair. Exchanging praises and problems, the businessmen attending the 100 or more international trade fairs each year are widening their understanding.

When we see excellent products made in other lands, our own competitive instincts are stimulated. And from sharp, honorable competition comes greater gain for all—on that point my own free countrymen are solidly united.

This month, crowds of citizens in many parts of the world will file through fairgrounds of other lands. Thousands of them will be viewing the million dollars' worth of products loaned by more than 1,200 private U. S. companies, small and large.

In New Delhi they will see the largest atoms-for-peace exhibit we—or anyone else—ever assembled. In Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, they will examine a model 175-acre U. S.-style farm, a U. S. voting machine and voting booth. In Bogotá, Colombia, the story of antibiotics and their contribution to mankind and in Trujillo, Dominican Republic, the story of agriculture, coffee, and cotton will be told through animated exhibits.

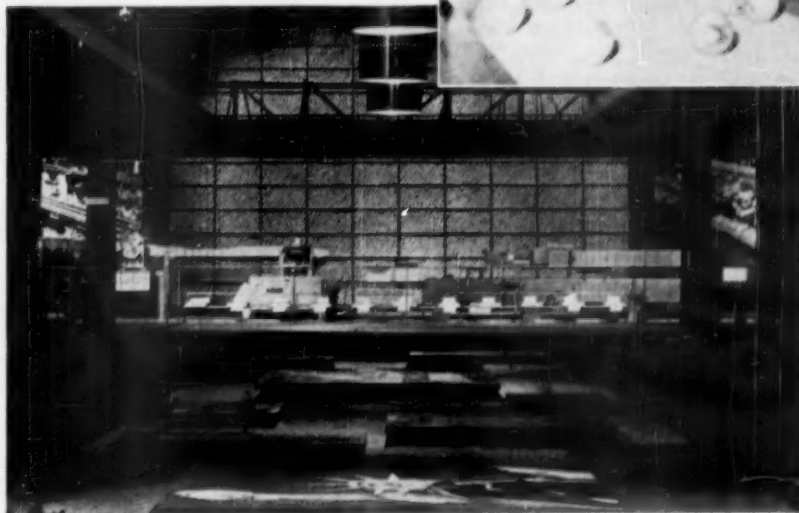
The exhibit of products of American industry, dedicated to peace, demonstrates the vital arteries of economic development without which no nation can prosper. Our trade-fair program is another step promoting friendship and commerce and meeting other nations' needs for two-way trade.



produced those countries' first television shows. Local talent and American films were shown over a closed-channel circuit.

So popular has been this first demonstration of television that it was necessary for the American programs to end half an hour before closing time so officials could clear the fairgrounds for the day. In Karachi, where the fair had been delayed a week (until September 16) because of the heavy damage wrought by rain and monsoon, the huge crowds at the American show, viewing it on the

Citrus exhibit: (at right) Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini examines orange at Palermo Fair, . . . (Below) U. S. fruit handling devices in Valencia, Spain.







**I am a religious leader, but...**

## **If I Were a Movie Producer**

**By Israel J. Kazis**

*Israel Kazis, a Harvard University graduate and holder of a Ph.D. degree in sociology, is Rabbi of Temple Mishkan Tefila, of Boston, oldest Conservative Jewish congregation in New England. He is also a Boston Rotarian.*



**I**F I WERE a producer for the movies or television, I would constantly be aware of the fact that in my country alone more than 50 million people attend the movies weekly and that there are 32 million television sets in homes. These are staggering statistics and indicate the appeal which these mediums of popular entertainment enjoy as well as the vital human need for recreation. This consideration is a humbling one and I would endeavor to meet the challenge which it offers with the highest regard for artistic standards, good taste, and moral values.

Realizing that my problem is to provide entertainment for an audience of varying levels of age, intelligence, and appreciation, I would operate on the principle that the glory and the mystery of a great work of art is that by its very nature it can evoke an appreciative response in the hearts of all men. In his day Shakespeare's plays were popular theater. T. S. Eliot offers, I believe, instructive guidance for the modern producer in his analysis of a Shakespearean play by indicating that in it "you get several levels of significance. For the simplest auditors there is the plot, for the more thoughtful the character and the conflict of character, for the more literary the words and phrasing, for the more musically sensitive the rhythm, and for the auditors of greater sensitiveness and understanding a meaning which reveals itself gradually."

I would be guided by this principle of "commensurate enjoyment," a phrase used by Mortimer J. Adler in his book *Art and Prudence*, which is valuable reading for every producer, and would strive for the finest artistic production in the conviction that by its very nature it would be a source of entertainment for all my audience, serving each one according to his capacity and level of appreciation. I would thereby not only provide good entertainment, but would help cultivate a finer esthetic taste in the spectators.

Perhaps it may be objected that this approach is

In the currents of history, religion and entertainment have often seemed as far apart as the poles of the earth. To bring

unrealistic, that it overestimates the intelligence and aesthetic faculty of the average audience. I would reply by relating an experience while serving as a chaplain with the United States Army in Italy during the Second World War. Our troops attended a concert by Jascha Heifetz, the distinguished violinist. This audience of soldiers obviously represented varying levels of appreciation. I shall never forget their response to Heifetz. They sat enthralled by his performance and their applause was overwhelming. Great art has universal appeal.

Perhaps my fellow producers might say that we are engaged not only in art, but also in business. Will this make for good business? In my opinion, good art and good business are not incompatible. Shakespeare retired a rich man. Similarly, a truly great picture attracts large audiences.

Some might raise the objection that this is too "highbrow" an approach to popular entertainment. On the contrary, the "highbrow" scorns popular art, maintaining that real art should serve the elite, those of superior intelligence and higher critical faculties. I would point out that strange as it may seem, the "highbrows" in Shakespeare's time criticized his work because it catered to the popular taste! In reality there is no contradiction between great art and popular appeal. The truly great motion pictures which give evidence of creative imagination, grand conception, inspired acting, and a sensitive and subtle development of character, plot, and thought are endowed with universal appeal.

There is still another consideration—namely, the effect which my productions may have on moral standards. To be sure, the [Continued on page 55]



I am a movie producer, but...

## If I Were a Religious Leader

By Charles F. Greenlaw



*Charles F. Greenlaw is a Californian who has spent 22 years in the motion-picture industry. Assistant production manager for Warner Brothers, he is a member of the Rotary Club of Toluca Lake in North Hollywood, Calif.*

them a measure closer, men from those two worlds hypothetically change jobs here. Your comments are invited. — Eds.

**I**F I WERE suddenly to find myself in the rôle of religious leader—of clergyman, priest, rabbi, or whatever—I think my first act would be to pray mightily to my Creator to give me the strength to do my job. Then I would append a plea for guidance in doing that job, not necessarily as I might be expected to do it, but rather in the manner by which I might do it best.

There is an obvious distinction here. It is natural to follow the path laid out by those who have gone before. Certainly, this is the simplest and easiest approach. Usually it is also the safest, but not always the most honest.

A clergyman's function seems to me to break down into three major phases. He must, first of all, foster and propagate his faith. Secondly, he must teach the forms and observances of worship. And, thirdly, he must minister to the personal and private problems of his congregation.

The first two of these are certainly not subject to revision. The basic truths of religious faith are as concrete now as they were when written centuries ago. To revise them would be to deny their permanence. Perhaps, because of the drastic changes that have occurred in human relations during those centuries, they need more emphasis today than ever before.

To revise our methods of teaching those truths would create only confusion and uncertainty, for the rituals of religion are an ineradicable part of religion itself. They are based on the very beginnings of our worship and are full of aesthetic meaning. Unfortunately, many of us accept them without thought of their portent. If I were a clergyman, I would



*Illustrations by Willard Arnold*

make a greater effort to see that my congregation understood their symbolism, their origin, and their object, for I would be convinced they would then add materially to a better understanding and a more personal enjoyment of religion.

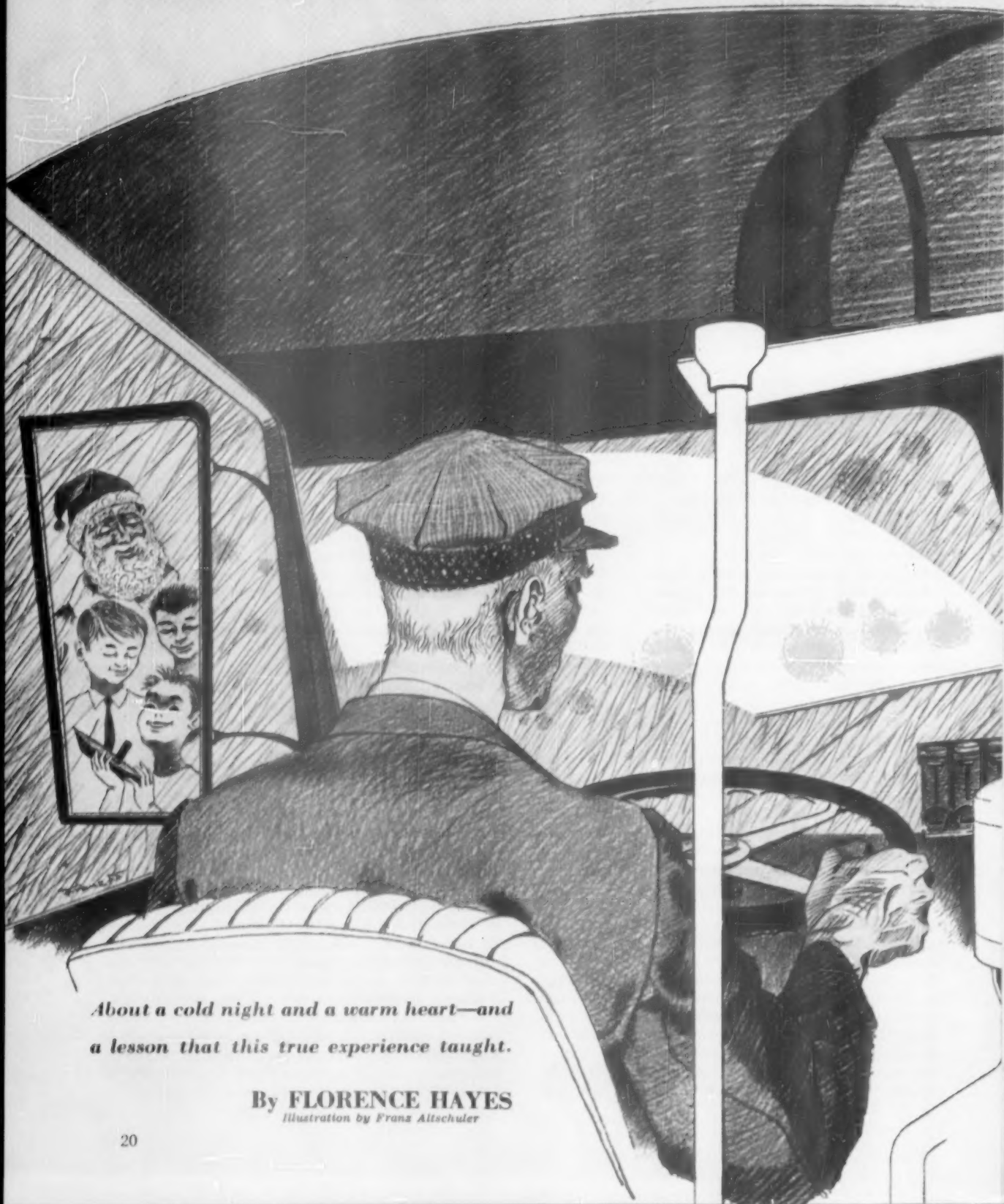
Next, then, what of the personal phase of a clergyman's work?

If I were a clergyman, I would have to realize that I occupy a unique position in my community. I would be charged with the responsibility of influencing the moral views of my people, and so I would be expected to maintain a certain dignity in the execution of my duties. I would be expected to be aloof and respected while delivering my sermons; sympathetic and friendly when listening to the problems of my parishioners. I would be expected to be diplomatic with the trustees, charming when I attend the ladies' aid gatherings, "regular" in my contacts with the young people, firm with wrongdoers, kind to the weak, jolly with the men's club, and happy at all other times.

I would have to accept the fact that my congregation thinks it only right that I possess Moses' wisdom, Job's patience, David's strength, Peter's steadfastness, and an excellent education. And yet, most likely, I would be considered well paid if I received as much as the man who greases my car. I would not be supposed to concern myself with worldly things; I would be expected to approach the troubles of humanity with my mind uncluttered by rent payments, cost of food and clothing, education for my children, or suitable wardrobe for my wife. I would be called upon to officiate at three of the most important personal occasions in their lives, and afterward my good people would remember only the baby, the bride, or the dear departed, as the case might be.

I would have to realize that people forget, because of my divine calling, that I am *human*. I would be excluded, to a great extent, from the social life of my community, for, with few exceptions, the clergyman is invited only to specialized [Continued on page 56]

# CHRISTMAS ON A CROSSTOWN BUS



*About a cold night and a warm heart—and  
a lesson that this true experience taught.*

**By FLORENCE HAYES**  
*Illustration by Franz Altschuler*

IT WAS a few days before Christmas, the coldest, dampest night in December. The wind whipped viciously at me as I hurried to catch the crosstown bus standing at the corner. When I was within half a block, the light changed and I watched four busses nose their way across the avenue so close together they might have been beads on a string. I looked anxiously up the street, but there was no other bus in sight.

For 20 minutes the wind lashed me, driving the dampness into the bone—and the Christmas spirit out of my heart. Then at last I caught sight of my bus coming. But as it reached the corner below me, the light changed to hold it, and the driver leaped to the sidewalk and disappeared.

Freezing without and raging within, I said to myself, "Public service! The driver goes inside for hot coffee while his passengers stand on corners and freeze!" Just then the light turned green, the driver appeared, jumped onto the bus, and in a few moments it ground to a stop before me.

I stepped inside, saying accusingly, "I've waited over 20 minutes." Then I started for a seat. The bus was empty except for a man in the back, apparently asleep. His head was rolling around as though on a pivot. Well, I thought, it could fall off and roll up the aisle like a ball up a bowling alley for all this driver would care.

"Do you need change?" a pleasant voice asked. I had forgotten my fare! I tried to drop a coin into the box, but it fell to the floor. "It's that long wait in the cold; my fingers are frozen," I said, as I picked it up and tried again.

If I hoped for an expression of sympathy at his keeping me so long, I was to be disappointed. "It is a cold night," the driver conceded. "Looks like snow. I ain't never seen the clouds so low this time a-year since before the war."

A bus driver since before the war, I thought! He's just grown callous to his passengers' comfort. But soon the warmth of the bus began to thaw me out a little and I felt my resentment abating. Maybe he was dreading the stream of passengers who in a

snowstorm would shake their wet hats and coats down his neck and let their umbrellas drip into his shoes while he made change.

"You're hoping it won't snow?"

"Oh, no! I'm praying for snow," came the quick reply. "We've got to have it for Christmas. I play Santa Claus every year, and I've half promised the kids a white Christmas."

"You're buying sleds for your children?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, ma'am. I ain't married," he said, "but for 12 years, except for the four I was in the South Pacific, I been playin' Santa Claus for 50 little guys at the children's home."

"At the children's home?" I repeated. "How old are the boys?"

He measured with his big hand the height of 4- or 5-year-olds. "They got to be little enough to believe in Santa Claus," he explained, "and they got to believe I'm him. That's why I'm prayin' it'll snow. Soon's they find out I can't keep any promise I make, well—I just don't want none of them—what do you call 'em?—skeptics around." He chuckled over his joke, but he added quickly, "Course it ain't exactly that. When they get that big, the matron takes over."

"It must be fun," I said, wondering how he had become interested in a children's home. I was relieved that there were no waiting passengers to interrupt the driver's story. "How do you keep the boys from finding out it's you instead of Santa Claus bringing the gifts?" I asked.

He looked at the red light. "A week or so before Christmas I get out the old Santa Claus suit and I go up to the home and ask 'em what they want. Gee! You'd ought to see 'em push each other outa the way to be the first to tell me!"

"But gifts for 50 boys!" I exclaimed. "They cost money. I know. I've just been getting some things for my nephews."

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "It's easy," he said. "You know how you get the money? In January you start puttin' a few dollars into a Christmas Club each week. That's all there is to it. That way, lady, you get along

without it. You don't hardly even miss it."

"Christmas fund or no Christmas fund, gifts cost money these days," I insisted. "An airplane alone cost me \$3.50."

The driver smiled wisely. "You gotta have the know-how," he admitted. "Course, my boys don't get no \$3.50 airplanes. I go to factories and buy broken toys and mend 'em my nights off, and I go to stores and ask for things wholesale. Sometimes I get 'em. Sometimes I don't. You gotta take a chance. Would you believe it, lady, last week one of the biggest stores in the city wouldn't give me as much as a box of colored chalks, but one of the littlest ones let me have 50 dolls at less than they paid for 'em." He smiled at his good luck.

"Dolls for boys?" I asked.

HE HALF turned his face. It was obvious that he had expected better of me. "Lady, my boys never get no dolls. But that home is so full of kids I wouldn't say 'No' to nothin'. The matron most generally has enough so's she can let me swap things I get and don't want for somethin' I do. But if she can't, why I leave what I have anyway. Me and her, we work together, kinda."

Neither of us spoke for a moment, then the driver said, grinning as though he had just been handed a Christmas bonus, "This year they chucked in an extra kid on me. Now I got 51 'stead of 50."

Fifty-one lucky little orphans! I wondered how he had run across them, but before I could ask the driver went on. "One little guy kinda got me the other night. He's so big." His hand measured off three to four feet from the floor of the bus. "This little kid, he talks like 'thith,'" he said, lisping his "s." "He crawled up on my knee and said he wanted a bicycle, and not one for babies, neither. He raised his arms to show me how big he wanted it. A six-foot guy could hardly a-got his leg over the crossbar. 'I don't know's Santa Claus can afford such a big thing as a bicycle,' I said. The little tyke just looked down at his bare feet and wiggled his toes, then he said, 'O.K. I geth I can wait till next year. Maybe by then

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE



you'll have enough money to buy me a bythickle." The driver threw back his head and laughed. "Can you beat that? Talk about smart!" he said.

At this point the man in the back of the bus grunted and began to talk to himself, then lurched to his feet, and reeled a few steps forward. The driver watched him in the mirror above his head. "Go back and set down, Pop," he shouted with a voice of authority that seemed to impress his inebriate passenger. "I told you I'd let you know what corner to get out."

"Pop" turned back and eased himself into a seat. "That guy'd lay down and freeze to death somewheres if I'd let him out, the condition he's in," the driver confided.

A few moments of silence, and then I could see there was some-

thing else the driver wanted to say. "Every year I take 200 to 250 pounds a toys to the home. I phoned back there. . . ." He raised his hand and pointed with an enormous thumb. Now I knew what he had been doing while the bus and I waited out so many changes of light. "I wanted to make sure somebody'd be up at the home to let me in after I get off tonight."

"Two hundred pounds of toys!" I said. "That's quite a carful!"

"I ain't got no car," he said. "I carry 'em up on my back, about 50 pounds at a time. Night before Christmas I go up and wrap and tie everything and mark what's in each package, so's there won't be no mix-up. If a little guy's got his heart set on an airplane, he don't want to find no old pair of mittens in his stocking."

I sat thinking over the story I had just heard. "If you haven't all the toys you need yet," I said, opening my bag, "I'd like to—"

His big hand just shot up—but not with palm outstretched. It was raised in protest. "Thanks, lady, thanks a lot," the driver said. "I don't want to insult you or nuthin', but except for the bargains I ask stores to give me, I don't take no help from nobody. Somehow I like to do it myself. I just pretend them boys are my kid brothers. And they *are*," he added as though he expected me to contradict him.

I felt rebuffed, yet I could understand the driver's resentment at my attempt to encroach upon what he felt was his own sacred territory. "Well, Merry Christmas!" I hastened to say. "You're doing a wonderful and generous thing."

"Oh, I don't know's you could call it generous, me playing Santa Claus up at *that* home," he protested, a little embarrassed.

We were nearing my corner, which a few minutes before I had been so eager to reach. Now I regretted that I wasn't going farther. But I rose and waited for the door to open.

Fortunately for me the light changed to red. With his eyes fastened on it, the driver, leaning over the wheel, said, "Them boys, in a way they are my kid brothers. You see, I lived in that home till I was 15. There wasn't always gifts for everybody in them days. Once I was the only boy who didn't get no toys. I prayed that next year Santa Claus would bring me something, any old thing, so's I wouldn't be the only one left out. Lady, I made up my mind before I left that home the first time I made any money I'd play Santa Claus to some of them kids—that was 17 years ago. For five years I didn't hardly make enough to eat, but for the last 12, except, like I said, when I was in the South Pacific, I ain't missed a single Christmas. I tell you, lady, on Christmas mornings I wouldn't trade places with no millionaire in all the world."

The door opened. I stepped out, so warmed with the Christmas spirit that I was wholly oblivious to wind and weather.

## Thoughts on Mr. Dulles' Wallet

A FEW YEARS ago while I was in Samoa I met two Americans. They wanted to go fishing in the lagoon in a dugout canoe, so I invited them to change clothes in my office. While they fished, I minded their wallets.

One of those men has now gone forward to a great destiny, for he was John Foster Dulles, now the Secretary of State for the U.S.A. When I read of him today, I do not think of a "foreign statesman" guiding policies which could engulf my country. I remember him as a chap who wanted to go fishing and entrusted me with his wallet and his keys. I see us both as the products of two surprisingly similar lands—the United States and New Zealand—with common foundation of value and purpose.

First of all, both my own homeland and that of Mr. Dulles grew from small colonies into self-determinate nations. The pioneers of North America—the Pilgrim Fathers, William Penn, and others—were expressing their dreams for Utopia. They hoped for settlements to crown material security with spiritual and intellectual freedom.

The colonization of New Zealand had its genesis in similar dreams, like the vision of Wakefield, who planned in brilliant and idealistic detail a community where a new world could grow, free from the afflictions of the old. Our settlements in Canterbury and Otago were the outcome of similar visions.

The details in the story of my

country are easily lost when compared to the vastnesses of history in Mr. Dulles' homeland. Yet if we cling to broad trends, the pattern is maintained. The indomitable humility of the pioneer is common to both countries. The qualities of initiative, perseverance, vision, and endurance; of parochialism, singularity of interest, suspicion of the unfamiliar, have permeated the character of succeeding generations in both countries. Interchange the words "Maori" and "Indian," "Pakeha" and "Paleface," and you will find stories interchangeable in broad theme and even fine detail.

We New Zealanders, too, have stories comparable to the California gold rush. We, too, while retaining our Anglo-Saxon characteristics, have our traditions of the melting pot.

New Zealanders cannot presume to the great orchestration of America's Song of Settlement. In comparison ours is a mere pastoral piping. But both themes, resolved to their original simplicities, are essentially the same.

There is one vital lesson we as Rotarians can learn from this background of common experience. We must encourage ourselves to explore and expand our commonwealths of purpose. Whether we occupy offices great or obscure, we can pull away from divergent nationalism and toward the understanding that we already, if unknowingly, share.

—Leo Fowler  
Rotarian, Glaborne,  
New Zealand



# Christmas Adventure

*Students from 35 lands are visiting  
folk on the Michigan countryside.*

By KARL DETZER

**D**OORS of more than 100 farm and village homes scattered through a dozen Michigan counties will swing open hospitably this holiday season to some 150 young men and women from other countries in a practical demonstration of the ancient Christian doctrine of goodwill toward men. The young people are students at some 50 American colleges and universities from coast to coast. Singly or in pairs, they will move into a home for a day or two, not as guests but as temporary members of the family.

Black, white, yellow, and brown, they will represent 35 or more nations and all the principal religions of the world.

These strangers in a strange land will learn firsthand what Christmas means in the homes of plain Americans on village Main Streets and along snowy back-country roads. They will go to church with their "adopted families," help in kitchen and barnyard, call on the neighbors, discover the jingling thrill of sleigh rides, attend Grange and Farm Bureau programs, sing carols, eat pumpkin pie. They will wash dishes, milk cows, shovel snow; they will sit long at the supper table in the kitchen, exchanging ideas and experiences, breaking down prejudices and misconceptions; and on Christmas Eve they will help the children decorate the Christmas tree—all as part of the third "Christmas Adventure" organized and sponsored by Michigan State University at East Lansing.

The homes to which these students are assigned for a few exciting days have been chosen most carefully, not for their architectural excellence and streamlined equipment, but because they are typical homes in a Christian democracy. To qualify, each family must be of excellent local reputation. None may be rich and some will be poor. In each house must be father, mother, and children, and if the "old folks" also are present, so much the better. No home in which there is a maid or other servant is considered. Each family must have some church affiliation, it does not matter what.

Families are meticulously instructed on what is expected of them. Each knows the most important rule: it must not "make company" of its guests. If the family usually eats at an oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, tablecloths are taboo. Aprons must be provided for those foreign girls who arrive without them; overalls and galoshes for barnyard wear are ready for each young man. The young people learn, by doing and sharing, just how an American family lives.



*Happily feeding a calf is Surrinder Chopra, who has come from India to study at the University of Rhode Island. With her are her Michigan farm hosts, the Robert Weisgerbers.*

Equally important to world understanding, the American families also learn about the faraway homes and customs, the social and economic problems of their visitors. The project opens farmhouse and village windows on a wider world; it erases long-held prejudices based on inexperience or isolation. Thus a white Baptist farmer may sit down to supper in his own kitchen one night with a Coptic native of Africa, the next night with a Japanese Buddhist or a Bavarian Roman Catholic.

These holiday visits are part of a large program, "Adventures in World Understanding," begun by the Michigan school with its own foreign students shortly after World War II. Mrs. Louise Carpenter, student advisor on the University faculty, has been guiding foreign students to rural and industrial areas for seven years, letting them see with their own eyes how Americans live, work, worship, and play. The Christmas visits are an extension of this plan.

Invitations go out in early Fall to the foreign-student advisors of all American colleges. These advisors decide which of the foreign students to recommend for the plan. No [Continued on page 50]



Across green and grassy slopes of Derbyshire hike six hostelling youths; on their backs they tote lunches, personal effects, and a change of clothes.

German youths in lederhosen stretch growing legs toward their hostel.

Photos: (above) Barrowcliffe; (below) © 1958



# Youth On Its Own

By LEO MEILINK

President, International Youth Hostel Federation;  
Rotarian, Ede, The Netherlands

**D**OWN through history every major educational system has placed a high value on travel. Recall, if you will, the Europe of medieval times when castles were still new and white. Minstrels sang ballads of far places and traders endured the hardships of the caravan. And in those days, students—*vagi scholares*—travelled about the country as part of the great wandering medieval universities. Every town and city felt impelled by duty and hospitality to provide these migrant students with a communal hostel where they might rest for a few days of free accommodation.

Hardly had the university taken on a different and more rooted form than another system of travelling education came into being. The *wandergesell*, craftsmen, moved from city to city studying the arts of masters in different places. These men, too, were provided with hostels. Though the term "journeyman" is still used in industry, the travelling apprentice disappeared with the rise of the factory.

But educational travel was not finished. In 1910 the hardy tradition was reborn in modern style

THE ROTARIAN

*A dollar a day buys international fun,  
food, and lodging in castles and ships.  
Here's the bright story of youth hostels.*

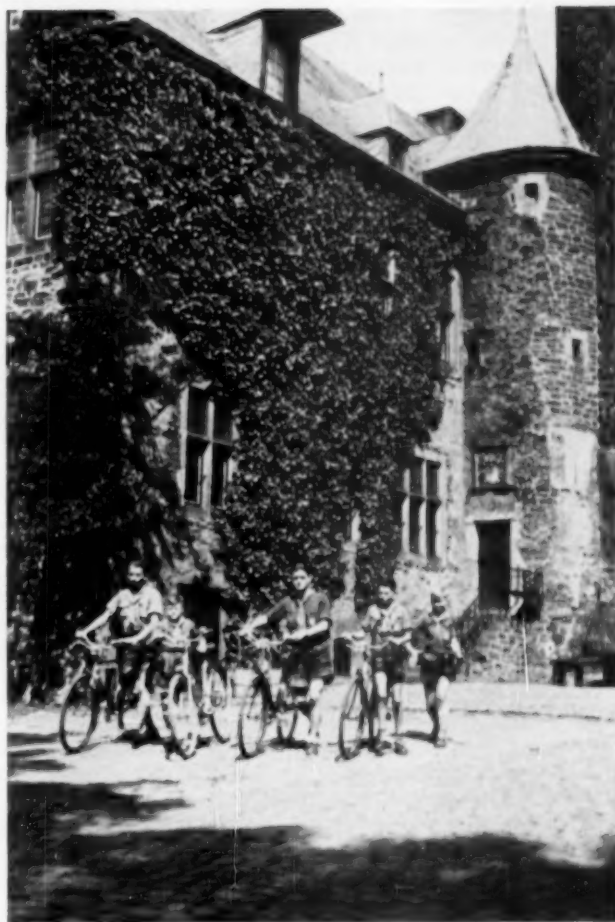
simultaneously with great reforms in education. Though the old hostels had given way to commercial hotels, a new movement began in Europe to permit young folk once again to see the wonders, the scenery, and the customs of other lands. The youth-hostel movement has built a dense network of accommodations. Covering many countries on many continents, they are provided by nonpolitical, nonsectarian, nonprofit-making, voluntary national associations.

In our youth hostels young people find a clean bed and meal while they tour by their own sturdy legs. The cost is low—generally the equivalent of 25 cents for a night's lodging, 50 cents for a hot meal, and 30 cents for a cold breakfast or lunch. In the United States, prices are slightly higher, but still within reason.

This network of educational institutions did not spring up overnight and without effort. Our capital investments have come from subsidies of many sorts, from Government grants, from industries, and from private donors. Our efforts have come from millions of people.

Each of our approximately 3,000 hostels has, for example, a resident couple—"house parents" we call them—who act as a father and mother in the lodge. Each night a new, big family gathers around the table for dinner and for recreation in the evening.

Millions of young people benefit from this work. We have about one million members. Each year the youth hostels of the world book some 12 million over-



*Cyclists set out from Germany's Altena Castle, inaugurated as a youth hostel in 1911 as the world's first hostel in modern times.*



*On The Netherlands' isle of Terschelling in the North Sea, this solidly built hostel gives shelter to travelling youths.*

*Everybody helps with lunch. Carrying rolls, teapot, and cups, these hostellers are waiting on themselves. Later they will do their own dishes.*

Photo: (above) Weskamp; (below) Kempter





night lodgings. Of that great total, some 2 million represent guests travelling abroad.

These figures bear out the motto for travelling youths: "Know your own country first, and then set out to other countries to learn about other people." No project could be closer to the Rotary path.

Now, why do we call this hostel program an educational institution instead of just another cheap system of accommodations?

There are many reasons. Two of them I should like to point out to my fellow Rotarians.

Youth hostels provide for young people who travel "under their own steam." They hike, bike, ski, skate, canoe. Some go from hostel to hostel in a long chain. Some make short excursions from one central hostel.

Let us consider for a moment the young people who, after a normal school education, enter into industry or business to earn their living. They are assigned simple jobs which are broken down by the industrial engineer into narrow routines. Often the work is repetitive. In their leisure, these youths may find themselves sitting in front of television sets, watching movies and professional baseball games. They participate directly in few things. Soon their whole lives are passive.

In their formative years, young people are sensitive to the influences of the outside world. They have enormous energy to spend. Unless we provide outlets for their energy, they will unload themselves in destructive ways. It is my strong belief that we have touched here upon part of the answer to juvenile delinquency. Hostelling is one possibility. Its rewards are a freshened mental outlook and physical health as well.

In another obvious way, hostels are educational. No place can be more lonely than a crowded hotel in a populous city. Youth needs a community.

From our experience in 40 years of youth-hostel work in Europe, we can say that the common room in the hostel is a meeting ground for friends. The swank hostels of New York, Stockholm, or Delhi may be all much the same. The differences in those communities lie among the people.

Youth hostels bring young folk together. They have dinner and breakfast with each other. They do the dishes themselves and clean the floors. A Dutch boy may peel potatoes with a Pakistani, make the beds with a Swede, and wash dishes with an Italian. This common work and responsibility creates a feeling of belonging together—international coöperation of the most basic sort.

Better international relations on diplomatic and political levels must follow such simple everyday deeds. The young American can spend six weeks in Europe, travel through several countries, sit at the fireside with youths from many lands—and pay no more than \$600 round trip! A dollar a day covers his expenses for food and lodging everywhere. Add the travel expenses and you have the vacation budget.

Youth hostels cover Europe. They may be found in North Africa, the Middle East, all around the Mediterranean, in India, Pakistan, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the U.S.A., Canada—and so on. One could travel around the world through youth hostels; doing it, you would see twice the country for half the price.

What can hostels do for Rotary? I feel sure that hostels train young people in the ways of Rotary!

What can Rotarians do for youth hostels? Each country has its own national organization for hostels. Each hostel has its voluntary local committee. If your community does not already have its hostel, let me commend such a project to you. In building and managing a hostel, you can give encouragement, hospitality, and true education to fine young folk travelling under their own steam!

For further information about organizing hostels in the United States, write American Youth Hostels, 14 West Eighth Street, New York 11, New York; and for other countries, Leo Meilink, Reeshorsterweg 6, Ede, The Netherlands.



Youths in Kent (above left) get ready to leave for London. . . . (At left) In a hostel on the lower Rhine, lads dress and make beds.



A floating hostel is the Pieter Koerts (at right), moored at a dock in Netherlands.

Photos: (top) Richard, (above) Hoffmann



# The Art of Listening

By HAROLD P. ZELKO

**M**OST OF US spend a large part of our lives listening to other people talk—and many of us do it badly. We'd get along better if we learned a little about the simple art of listening.

Some interesting facts on the subject have recently come to light to determine just what part listening plays in the total time we spend communicating with others. Researchers made a study which showed that we use 9 percent of our communication time in writing, 16 percent in reading, 30 percent in speaking, and 45 percent in listening. And note the listening-speaking figures together. We spend 75 percent of our communication time either talking to or listening to others!

Another fact recently brought into focus is that the average person can improve his listening at least 25 percent. Listening clinics have sprung up at universities and in community adult education programs aimed at improving this ability. The University of Minnesota has been a leader in this movement and concludes that the 25 percent figure is a minimum for the average person. Yet we don't have to attend formal training courses. This is one kind of personal improvement that we can accomplish ourselves.

First of all, we are, as noted, almost constantly in a talking-listening situation. Usually it's informal. We are in conversation at the breakfast table, a budget conference with the wife, discussion with workers or superiors on the job, a meeting of the club board of directors or town council, or an argument with a salesman who, incidentally, knows the value of listening while the prospect talks. Very often, and especially for busy men and women of business and civic affairs, the listening situation is more formal. At myriad meetings they hear two or three or half a dozen major speeches of the day every week.



Illustration by William James

What, in such a situation, does the bad listener do wrong? (1) He is too much concerned with himself. The average person is self-centered rather than listener-centered. (2) He allows his prejudices to affect him. As he hears another speak, he lets his own feelings affect his evaluation of what the speaker is saying. (3) He doesn't like the speaker. This is one of the worst faults of listeners. It's a big mistake to let our feelings about the other person affect our judgment of what he has to say. (4) He daydreams. Studies show that we can listen about four times as fast as a speaker can speak. This gives us time to daydream and let our thoughts wander. (5) He listens in order to reply rather than to understand. (6) As the speaker is making a point, he is figuring out how to refute it. (7) He pretends to listen—but his mind is miles away. He reads, talks, sleeps, while the speaker is talking.

Few of us have this last fault—few of us are that boorish. Most of us, in fact, want to be good listeners. We wish we had the "amazing power of perception" of a Dwight Eisenhower, whose great success as a military leader was said to be due to the fact that he had learned the value of listening to his subordinates. We recall that folks termed Calvin Coolidge "Northampton's champion listener," and read with appreciation the comment by an associate of Charles Schwab, the great industrialist:

"Listening with him is an instinct as well as a rare charm. Whoever talks to him, be he day laborer or financier, faces a man who harkens gravely, attentive, eye to eye, until the speaker is quite done."

Most of us wish we had these gifts, but we fail to recognize the barriers that work against us—attitude, self-centeredness, resistance to change, rate of listening, language.

Remember the old man who spent most of his time talking to himself? When asked why he did so, he explained: "I like to talk to myself for two reasons: first, because I like to talk to a smart man; and, second, because I like to hear a smart man talk." If each of us could be both speaker and listener at the same time, the barriers could not stand. Since we can't be both, we can do the next best thing—put ourselves in the speaker's position as we listen to him.

Any program of listening improvement must start with an attempt to develop an attitude of wanting to understand and appreciate the other person. It must include a willingness to dispel our prejudices and to give credit to what the speaker says. And when we reply, we reply not to the person but to what he has said.

Perhaps Wilson Mizner, the late American dramatist, summed it all up when he said, "A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something."



## *Saint in the Nick of Time*

**S**ANTA CLAUS delivered a baby in Maywood, New Jersey, on the night after Christmas.

This is no surprise to Maywoodians. Two years before that, on Christmas Eve, Santa Claus raced the local ambulance some 90 miles bearing a critically ill woman to a waiting surgeon in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In Maywood, a city of 10,000 people, Santa Claus is spelled H-e-r-b-e-r-t W. C-o-o-k, the name of a local Rotarian—appropriately he has been Club Hospitality Chairman—who has become a tradition throughout the area for his annual yuletide joy-bringing. People come from many miles to May-

wood on Christmas Eve, for it is there that the most realistic Santa Claus short of the Arctic Circle makes a five-hour swing of the community, bearing candies and messages for the hundreds of children, who then troop off to bed with the absolute conviction that Santa Claus is real.

Rotarian Cook, a refined-oil-products distributor, is captain of the Maywood first-aid and ambulance squad, the volunteer organization which sponsors the annual Christmas Eve treat in Maywood,

as well as performing hundreds of humanitarian acts annually in its capacity as an emergency unit. For nine years "Herb" Cook, whose 200 pounds need little artificiality to achieve Santa's known rotundity, has been playing this double rôle of first aidsmen and town St. Nicholas. On several occasions he has been thrust into some unusual situations, not the least of which was the dramatic incident of bringing a baby into the world.

That Christmas Eve he was Number One man on the cavalcade of Christmas cheer sent around by the first-aid squad, beaming in his magnificent imitation of Santa

**By LEN S. RUBIN**

*Rotarian, Maywood, N. J.*

Claus atop the truck-borne sleigh and reindeer. The initial stop was at Maybrook Drive, in the heart of a garden-type development of apartments, where the boom of his amplified voice carried into every casement window.

Two evenings later, on the night after Christmas, Herbert Cook was at the wheel of the ambulance as it responded to a call for help from a frantic father-to-be, whose apartment overlooked the intersection dominated by Santa Claus 48 hours earlier. Unable to locate the family physician when the time came, the husband, Francis Massie, called police. Within brief moments, a fully trained ambulance crew was on the scene and Rotarian Cook, the most experienced (having once before delivered a child), calmly brought a child into a world he does much to help make pleasant.

A year later, back at Maybrook Drive in full Santa regalia, he held year-old Frances Massie on his expansive lap to give her another close-up look at Santa Claus.

The trip to Philadelphia came during a Christmas season sufficient to try any Santa Claus. Christmas Eve fell on Saturday in 1949. On Friday the first-aid squad made a special trip to Bergen Pines Hospital near-by, bringing sunshine into the eyes of the children in the polio ward. At midnight the men were back in May-



*His eyebrows frosted with make-up, Herbert W. Cook adjusts a pillow to give him the Claus profile. Skillful application of grease paint and beard give him the genuine appearance.*



wood sipping hot coffee at squad headquarters. This came to a quick conclusion with the blasts of the emergency whistle. Four men, including Santa Claus, answered the call. They didn't report back to their homes until 6:45 the next morning. It had been deemed imperative by hospital physicians that a patient be taken to Philadelphia, where the surgeon who had performed the original operation awaited her arrival.

That afternoon, Rotarian Cook, back in costume, entertained hundreds of town youngsters at a community Christmas party, and at 5 o'clock he mounted the reindeer train for the Christmas Eve trip around town. This ended at 10 o'clock.

Without question, he is one of the world's busiest Santas.

The demands for his appearances during the yuletide season have grown to such an extent that he has to cut down to the town's major causes.

"Herb" Cook is married and has two children, both beyond the belief-in-Santa Claus age. For long years he was able to keep them in the dark on Christmas Eve as to the true identity of the jolly Santa upon whose lap they sat. His secret was almost shattered when his daughter, Nancy, then 5, made the startling observation that "Santa Claus has a ring just like my daddy's!" From that time on Rotarian Cook did not wear his ring when his own children were among the potential audience.



*Santa's delivery service! Chubby yearling Frances Massie is pictured with the fellow who delivered her at Christmastime just one year earlier.*

## A Lesson from Lena

**N**OT long ago a warming story was told in the *Pittsburgh Press*. It was about a boy and a dog.

The boy's name was Billy. His last name doesn't matter. His mother was a teacher in the public schools of Bluefield, West Virginia. Billy was blind. He was also exceptionally bright. As a high-school student, he was often the guest of the Rotary Club of Bluefield.

It was Past Rotary District Governor Edwin C. Wade, then president of Bluefield College, who first suggested that the Club should get a Seeing Eye dog for Billy. The Club liked the idea, and soon Ed Wade took Billy to New Jersey for special training with the dog named Lena.

Lena made a big difference in Billy's life. Soon the two of them went off to Berea College in Kentucky. Every day Lena guided Billy to his classes and waited patiently to lead him home again. And then one day—but let me quote from columnist Peter Boggs in the *Pittsburgh Press*:

"One morning Billy started for college as usual. His first street crossing came at a dangerous intersection. Always Lena had guided him safely. But today something was wrong; Billy didn't know what.

"Lena faltered in the middle of the street. Then she staggered on to the curb, leading her master safely to it. At the curb she dropped dead at Billy's feet. Witnesses said—and veterinarians confirmed their opinion—that she suffered a fatal heart attack in midstreet, but that she forced herself to lead her master to safety before she collapsed."

That's not quite all the story. The Rotary Club of Bluefield got Billy another dog. Billy finished second in his class at Berea. Now he is in Washington, D. C., serving the U. S. Government well.

It isn't surprising that Billy has done so well, nor that Rotarians in Bluefield have a special feeling for him. For, after all, we have seen an outstanding example of service: a great-hearted creature whose sense of duty was stronger than life itself.

—W. S. Owen  
Rotarian,  
Bluefield, W. Va.



# A Doctor Probes the Past



*Pottery fragments in Brazil's rain forest help a Rotarian examine ancient cultures.*

**T**HE naked Indian sat on the bank of the Tapajoz River some distance from its confluence with the mighty Amazon. His hands kneaded a lump of clay into a bowl to hold an infusion of the bones of his ancestors—which he would drink to absorb their virtues.

In the timelessness of Amazonia, this primitive man did not know that in other parts of the world there then lived such men as Dante, Marco Polo, and Kublai Khan. Nor could he know his bowl would someday become a priceless archaeological treasure from the 13th Century.

Today the remains of that bowl, together with countless others like it, provide a Brazilian Rotarian with a challenging hobby. Through ceramics he reconstructs the history of ancient civilizations.

This Rotarian, considered an expert in his field, is Dr. Frederico

Barata, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Belém, Brazil. He is not an archaeologist by profession; he is an executive for a large chain of newspapers and radio stations, with Belém—on the mouth of the Amazon—as his base of operations in Northern Brazil.

"Before coming to Belém I was in Rio de Janeiro, where I was art critic for my papers," Dr. Barata told me. "After dealing with painting, sculpture, and other types of art for a number of years, I started to wonder about its earlier forms and how it developed. I began to study and one thing led to another. The first thing I knew I found myself intensely interested in these potteries.

"Actually," he continued, "I've only been collecting them since 1946 or 1947. In the latter year I heard of a farmer near Belterra, not far from the old Fordlandia site, who was complaining he was unable to till his field because the ground was so full of ceramics. I

**By DAVID R. WALLIN**

went to see him. I found a tremendous number of pieces, but they were mostly plain and of little artistic value. Since then, though, I've made a number of field trips that have been highly rewarding."

Rotarian Barata is convinced that many of the vessels had religious uses, a conclusion borne out by other cultural ceramic finds. Some ornaments, representing heads, have been found with small holes in one side as though for insertion of additional decorations, possibly feathers. Today Indians of this region often pierce the flesh for the insertion of brightly colored feathers as ornaments.

"From the ornamentation of the ceramics," Rotarian Barata added, "we can learn much of the Indian ways of life. There are figures of women with their hands over their eyes, indicating they could not

Eds. NOTE: The title on this article could, but needn't, mislead the reader. Dr. Barata is a doctor but not in medicine. His degree is in letters.



watch certain ceremonies meant only for men.

"Ornamentation on some of the vases is a perfect imitation of tattooing, indicating that the Indians tattooed themselves or painted their bodies as do other Indians, including those surviving today. Some pieces, even after being carefully cleaned, still show traces of red, yellow, black, and white coloring.

"Some heads have been found that are reversible, end for end, and have a perfect expression in each position. An interesting thing is that human figures either show male and female sex, or female sex and no sex at all. They never show male sex and sexless figures. Nearly all figures show malformed ear lobes, as though from wearing earrings. Heads of complete figures are always disproportionately large, there often is no torso between the chest and hip sections, and the figure is either squatting or sitting."

Dr. Barata's collection of Tapajoz ceramics dates chiefly from A.D. 1200-1700. He has some other ceramic pieces, however, notably a huge burial urn from the island of Marajo in the mouth of the



With fellows at the speaker's table at a meeting of the Rotary Club of Belém, Frederico Barata (right) enjoys a joke. By profession he is a newspaperman who finds relaxation in archaeology.

Part of Rotarian Barata's massive collection of Tapajoz pottery. Ceramics of this kind provide students with insights into the social customs of the ancient tribes.

## Counterpart

**I** ATTENDED a Rotary Club Board meeting tonight and now sit beside my home fire, warmed inside by the decisions we made in accord with the Object of Rotary.

Perhaps it is this feeling that has started my memory back to the war years of 1941, when I was a Government official in a small town on the far Southern seacoast of Australia. I was included among those given the responsibilities for evacuating the town in event of invasion; you can easily imagine the apathy displayed by people many miles from the scene of fighting.

Then we began rescuing merchant seamen from ships torpedoed off our coast—American ships they were—and the men told us a few facts which helped bring the war very close to our home. It was at this point that the local men began to discuss the possibilities of going

guerrilla in case an invasion took the homeland they and their forebears had known and loved.

Some strange weapons were manufactured as a result—but the important thing was that we sat at night and planned together against something about to endanger the welfare or the lives of our loved ones. We became very close, and I felt proud to be one of this band. But I also asked myself, "Why cannot men band together in this manner—minus the weapons, of course—but with the same sincerity and zeal in an effort for peace?"

And so as my memory goes back tonight to that seaside town in the war years, I find the counterpart of each of the local boys in my fellow Rotarians, and I again feel very proud indeed.

—Joseph A. Davis  
Rotarian, Woy Woy, Australia

Amazon. Indians of the islands, now extinct, buried their dead in these baked clay urns, folding their bodies into a tight sitting posture to get them through the large mouth. Also from the island of Marajo he has a whistling arrow, which has a hollow, pierced nut mounted behind the long, wooden point to give it a whistling noise as it travels swiftly through the air.

The walls of the Barata museum-like home are hung almost solidly with paintings, many by famous artists. But for the present Rotarian Barata specializes in the Tapajoz ceramics. He has several basic types, including pieces used

for lamps and drinking vessels. Small jade figures of frogs and other creatures might have been either religious tokens or good-luck amulets. And there are some small stone beads of a jadelike substance, probably ornaments.

Despite his absorbing collection, Dr. Barata finds time to take part in much of Belém's civic life. Yet he always returns to the collection. How much is it worth?

"I don't know," he replied with a smile. "It's art, and I've never tried to place a value on it myself or to have it valued by others. When it's a matter of art, you don't think of money. You just enjoy it."

All photos by the author





**T**HE biggest intercity trip in the world to the Biggest Little City in the World." That is the marvellous melody that keeps ringing through the heads of hundreds of California Rotarians in a score of Clubs in the San Francisco-East Bay area. Each year about 400 of us hop a train and travel 230 miles—just to spend a week-end with the Rotary Club of Reno, Nevada.

This we've been doing for 14 years—in what has become (we're pretty sure!) the largest annual intercity meeting of this sort in Rotary. This we'll be doing again next month—with 400 fellows all ready to go. On the chances that your Club is on the hunt for good, sound, pace-changing ideas, I'd like to tell you about our Rotary "tremender" in Reno.

To impart the full flavor of this magnificent project we'll turn back the pages of Rotary history to the Winter of '38 when an intrepid band of 42 Berkeley, Albany, and Richmond Rotarians, under the driving enthusiasm of Berkeley charter member Clifford B. Radston, took off for an intercity meeting with the Reno Club.

In extending the hand of fellowship, Reno's Past President Gordon Harris drawled some words of wisdom which, planted in our thoughts, flowered into rich tradition. "It is customary," said Gordon wryly, "to welcome our visiting Rotarians and promise we will visit them next year, but, fellows, let's face it. We're just a collection of cow-pokes up here in Nevada. We'd be lost among all the culture and learning you Berkeley

boys absorb from your great university environment. I say, let's not us go all the way to the Bay area . . . let's you and the other Rotary Clubs down that way come up and give us an earful of learning once every year. We can use it."

The idea clicked. In 1939 Oakland joined us for the trip. In 1940 more than 100 roaring Rotarians climbed aboard the Overland Limited. In 1941 and 1942 nearly 200 men from six East Bay Clubs went along. War put a halt to the now famous trip, but in 1947 the annual event was resumed and continued without interruption ever since.

It was 8:15 A.M. on the morning of January 23 that the 1955 trip got under way as a chartered 17-car Southern Pacific streamliner pulled out of the 16th Street Station in Oakland.

The bolsterous boys from Alameda, with their white berets and red tassels, were outnumbered but not outnoised by the capricious characters from Oakland with their red berets and white tassels. Livermore with cowboy chapeaus, Walnut Creek with walnut ornaments, and Lafayette with coonskin caps were very much in evidence. So, too, were the country cousins from Niles, San Lean-



*Rotary rolls—in song and on wheels. Here fellowship gathers momentum on train ride in the Sierras.*



Photo: Room Chamber of Commerce

**About a traditional intercity Rotary meeting—  
as colorful as the West is wide.**

**By ARTHUR HARGRAVE**

*Rotarian, Berkeley, Calif.*

dro, Hayward, East Oakland, and Castro Valley. At the Berkeley station a few moments later, Albany, Danville, El Cerrito, and Orinda howled aboard. In Richmond, the home-town gang, Pleasant Hills, and Vallejo climbed on—and from then on it was nonstop for all passengers.

Among numerous notables en route was one who stood forth like a knight in shining armor—Jim Eather, Intercity Chairman of the Reno Club. He'd come all the way down the night before, so he could turn around and ride all the way back with his 412 appreciative guests. It was only a small item in this saga of the sagebrush, but typical.

As the sleek train swished through the lush Sacramento Valley and wormed its way over the snow-capped Sierras, Rotary fellowship gathered momentum. By the time we rolled into Reno at 3 in the afternoon, hundreds of new friendships had been born. An army of taxies performed yeoman duty from the station to way points. Fellowship parties sprang up all over town as the happy invaders literally took over the Mapes and Riverside Hotels. Hospitality was unbounded.

High light of the holiday was, and al-

ways is, the intercity luncheon hosted by the Reno Club at the Riverside Hotel. In a way it was just another Rotary luncheon, but in a very big way! It was memorable to everyone present. Our District Governors held forth for a few words. Presidents and Past Presidents were a dime a dozen. Past District Governors were in their glory. Berkeley's Bud Staats, the go-get-'em Chairman of the Reno Trip since 1952, presented Reno President Bob Annis with \$200 for the Reno Club Welfare Fund. There was a gift, too, for Cliff Radston—a token of everyone's esteem for the man who started the Reno Trip tradition. Speeches were spilled all over the place and a great and grand time was had by all.

At 3 P.M. on that second afternoon the train slowly started to roll homeward . . . stopping, of course, some 200 yards down the track at the frantic beckoning of a Rotarian who'd figured his time badly. Once aboard, even he agreed that while he almost missed the train, come Armageddon or high water, he would never miss a Reno Trip.

Why? What is really beneath the surface of this spectacular intercity meet-

ing? The best bet for an insight into the why of it can be drawn from the extemporaneous, even casual, remarks of several men. The Honorable F. R. Smith, Mayor of the city of Reno, for example, observed that "the fellowship of Rotary has . . . captured the interest and affection of business and professional men throughout the entire city of Reno. Your intercity visit is a very positive contribution to the amicable relations . . . between cities as a whole."

The late Bill Park, President of the Oakland Club in 1954-55, figured the trip builds leadership. "Everybody is intensely friendly," Bill said. "From that relationship latent talent finds expression. I am convinced that a week-end of Rotary fellowship, whether it be to Reno or Timbuktu, fosters an acute awareness of Rotary principles and by so doing helps to create Rotary leaders."

"I came from Niles," said Dick Nicklasson in the wind-up of last year's visit. "Not many people know where Niles, California, is and care less—but hear this: We are a small Club in Niles and we're off the beaten track and we don't see much of Rotary outside of looking at each other once a week. But this—this Reno Trip with over 400 Rotarians from 18 Clubs sitting down to lunch with another 100 or more Reno Rotarians . . . well, gentlemen, it is just one of those spine-tingling moments in our Rotary lives. Believe me, it is an inspiration above and beyond anything most of us have known, and I venture the guess that the men from all the other small



Rotary Clubs are likewise enjoying a Rotary thrill that will last a lifetime."

It wasn't by eloquence that Dick won the deep respect of everyone present. It was merely that without plan or rehearsal he had captured and in turn relayed to everyone present the great spirit of all Rotary intercity meetings.

When explored, nurtured, and developed to a pinnacle of activity, intercity meetings prove to be one of the greatest powers for good in the entire realm of Rotary. In many ways our annual Trip is merely in the pattern of other intercity meetings going on all over the world, but there's no question about it—it's a main event we go to in Reno. It's truly a tremender. And if that word is unfamiliar, how would you make a noun out of tremendous?

*Reno Club President Annis (at left) accepts \$200 check for local welfare from Judge Staats, who was Trip Chairman.*



*The train windows brim with scenery for these California Rotarians: (standing, at left) Past Governors Otto Heib, of Oakland; Jesse M. Vickery (at right), of Woodland; A. D. Hackim (sitting, left), of Albany; and Walter T. Helms, of Richmond.*

*Headgear varies for the 500 Rotarians who turn out for the meeting of the Reno Club.*







Rotarian Reginald Baxter (above), construction supervisor, strikes a symbolic nail in the sign for International House he and his fellow members built for overseas students. . . . (At right) In a well-lighted lounge students meet to read and chat.



# Marpole Hammers It Home

*How a Canadian Rotary Club built a student center.*

ON THE beautiful campus of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver there are some 6,000 students this year—and over 400 of them come from some 60 countries besides Canada. To every one of these young men and women from other lands the heart-of the campus is a small white frame building that is completely overshadowed by the great halls of learning about it. This is their International House—a place where they can meet, sit, read, sing, dance, show slides, play records, eat, pop popcorn, and get acquainted with each other and some of their Canadian colleagues. The Rotary Club of Marpole, which is a Vancouver suburb, built it for them.

All this started just two years ago. Noting a need for such a meeting place, Marpole Rotarians pressed for an Army hut that had housed soldiers during World War II. With the blessing of the University, the 52 Rotarians plunged into reconstruction of it. Organized by the Club's contractor member, Reginald Baxter, they walled the interior with knotty pine, tiled the floors and ceilings, partitioned off spaces for kitchen, a cloakroom, a storeroom, and an office for a program director.

At that point the Zonta Club of Vancouver, an organization of business and professional women, helped advance the Rotary project by decorating and furnishing the rooms at a cost of \$1,800. Bruce Ledingham, then President of the Rotary Club, donated an electric stove, and Fred Armitage, the Club's sign-painting contractor, hung an attractive sign on the outside wall bearing the words "International House — That

Brotherhood Might Prevail." In all, Marpole Rotarians spent about \$2,000 on the building, and Club members gave more than 500 hours of labor.

While the job was under way a board of trustees, headed by a Rotarian, brought together viewpoints of faculty members and students. As soon as the House was finished, however, it was presented to the University for operation. Students using its facilities are half from overseas, half from Canada. At the end of its first year the House had 250 participating students, and the Marpole Rotary Club had visions of a larger House with residence facilities.

Recently the House received more than 400 books from Marpole Rotarians, along with several handsome bookshelves made by a Club member. Also, the Club keeps in close personal touch with International House students, those from overseas as well as those from Canada, by inviting groups of them to Rotary meetings—something which helps to develop deeper understanding.

"At International House," says Thomas H. Flinn, Chairman of the Club's International Service Committee, "students from around the world get closer to their Canadian fellows, form lifelong friendships, and learn that different tongues and cultures are not barriers to understanding. These young people were longing for a means to enjoy and build friendships among themselves. When they return to their homelands,

they are sure to extend this experience to countless others."

Just a few weeks ago 500 people—students and friends of International House—jammed the Faculty Club for a tea celebrative of the success of their project in international relations. A good bit of the talk in the happy groups that filled the place concerned the great prospect ahead—namely, that the Rotary Club of Vancouver is lending its might to International House to help make it even more serviceable and to house it in grand new big quarters. But that's a story to be told another time.

*Photo: Glamour*



Hammer, nails, and Rotary skills go into kitchen shelves of International House. Busily at work are Rotarians Norman Baird and Arthur Simpson.

# Speaking of BOOKS

**Looking for Christmas gifts? Here are 54 ideas:  
choice reading, listed by age and interest.**

**By JOHN T. FREDERICK**

**M**Y FIRST suggestion, in once again surveying recent books with a view to Christmas giving, is *The Good News*, a strikingly original and to me very appealing illustrated edition of the New Testament. It is produced by rotogravure with pictures on every page: nearly 600 photographs, most of them taken especially for this purpose, richly portraying the places mentioned in the text and related materials from archaeology and history—the Pool of Siloam as it is today, a Roman centurion from a statue of New Testament times. The text is arranged in modern paragraph form, without chapter and verse markings, but is the Standard Revised Version in most books, the King James Version in some. This book seems to me likely to make people young and old want to read “the good news.” Certainly it will be of very distinct interest and value to ministers, Sunday-school teachers and pupils, and many others.

No apology is needed, I am sure, for emphasizing children's books in this Christmas roundup. They are offered this Fall in greater profusion than ever before, and it seems to me that there's a rather high general level of merit, with many of fresh conception and high quality. Among these is a story book for all ages which I am sure will find a place in many homes of Rotarians: *Ride with the Sun*, edited by the United Nations Women's Guild and Harold Courlander. It contains 60 stories, one from each of the countries which now make up the organization. Each story has been chosen and approved by the delegation of the country which it represents. The widely varied stories are consistently interesting. The result of a sound idea well-executed, this truly international story book has immediate and lasting value.

A very good idea, too, resulted in *Around the World in Eighty Dishes*, by Lesley Blanch, an illustrated book for young cooks from the age of 10 upward. It offers simple but characteristic recipes from 30 lands.

For very young children, 4 to 8 or so, take a look at *Theodore Turtle*, by Ellen

MacGregor; *Sugarplum*, by Johanna Johnson; and *The Little Red House*, by Grace Skaar. For youngsters from 7 to 8 up to 10 or 12 there's a royal plenty. I like Phil Stong's *A Beast Called an Elephant*—the admirably told true story of Old Bet, the first elephant to come to America. In *Wagging Tales* Marguerite Henry offers stories and information about 26 kinds of dogs, in form sure to be attractive to children. The inexpensive books of C. B. Colby—such volumes as *Park Ranger*, about the men who serve the United States in its national parks, and *Tall Timber*, about the United States Forest Service, will appeal strongly to boys and girls interested in woodcraft and the out-of-doors. A *Child's First Book of Outdoor Adventures* offers three good stories for youngsters in the early grades. With *The Chippewa Indians: Rice Gatherers of the Great Lakes*, Sonia Bleeker continues her valuable series of authentic and enjoyable books about Indian life. *The First Book of India*, by Emily Hahn, is an admirable “world view” book for young readers, at once honest and enjoyable. Surely among the most attractive of the Fall books for youngsters of 8 and up is *Insects in Their World*, by Su Zan N. Swain, a richly illustrated guide for the very young naturalist.

**F**OR slightly older readers, desirable books in series are numerous. In the American Heritage Series, phases and aspects of American history are dramatized in well-told, historically authentic stories. Among this Fall's titles are *Timber!*, by Aileen Fisher, about logging camps in Michigan; and *Winds of Change*, by Rhoda Wyngard, portraying Ohio in the 1850s. The Landmark Books, of American history and biography, are outstanding in quality. Especially attractive to me, among the Fall titles in this series, are *Old Ironsides*, *The Fighting “Constitution,”* by Harry Hansen; *The Mississippi Bubble*, by Thomas B. Costain; and *Up the Trail from Texas*, by J. Frank Doble. There are other comparable series which deserve attention, and such well-written individual

volumes as *Giant of the Rockies* (the story of John Colter, discoverer of the Yellowstone), by Elisa Blak.

Books which can properly be described as for “all ages”—which means, happily, for the whole family—appropriately round out our juvenile shelf. Surely *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book* belongs here, with its assemblage of some 800 of the jingles, riddles, prayers, lullabies, that have been enjoyed by children (and parents), some of them for centuries. Of the 600 illustrations, most are from old woodcuts. Be sure to see this book. You won't want to miss, also, the first truly *Complete Tales of Uncle Remus*, edited by Richard Chase, with the unsurpassed original illustrations of A. B. Frost and others. *The Illustrated Treasury of Children's Literature*, edited by Margaret Martignoni, also is noteworthy for its generous use of the original illustrations for the many children's classics it contains. *Davy Crockett*, *Frontier Hero*, by Walter Blair, is the definitive book about the man and the legend—and a delightful one.

**A**LSO for all ages, judging by my own reaction—though primarily for youngsters of high-school age—are David E. Jensen's *My Hobby Is Collecting Rocks and Minerals*, and its companion hobby books. In their attractiveness in format and illustrations, their completeness, their lively and straightforward style, these books seem to me most admirably suited to their purpose. For the youngster (or older, for that matter) who has an incipient or developing hobby—minerals, stamps, bird watching, photography—one of these books would be an especially welcome gift.

While we're speaking of hobbies and special interests, let's look at some “special interest” books for older readers. Though I can claim no proficiency in the field, I am always attracted by cook-books. The most appealing of the new crop, to this amateur eye, is *Grandma's Cooking*, by Allen Keller—which is pleasant narrative as well as a mine of such recipes as one for deep-dish peach pudding. *The Complete Italian Cook Book*, by Rose L. Sorce, and *Smorgasbord and Scandinavian Cookery*, by Florece Brobeck and Monika B. Kjellberg, also look very promising.

Books to satisfy special interests in sports, the out-of-doors, wildlife, and Nature are singularly abundant in this publishing season. Larry Koller's *The Complete Book of Fishing Tackle* is a fine example of attractive, widely inclusive, and down-to-earth books for outdoorsmen. *The Saga of American Football*, by Colonel Alexander Weyand, is an authoritative, well-written historical survey, including extensive statistical tables. *Pictorial History of*

*American Sports*, by John Durant and Otto Bettman, traces the development of both major and minor sports in the United States, with pictures old and recent and accompanying text. *The Field and Stream Treasury*, compiled by the editor of the famous outdoor magazine from its files of 60 years, offers real wealth of good reading. *Seeing America's Wildlife*, by Devereux Butcher, is a guide to wildlife sanctuaries in all parts of the United States. Good planning and outstanding illustrations help to make this a book of very practical value. *The Book of the Mountains*, by A. C. Spector, assembles mountain lore and literature from all parts of the world, with equally varied and distinguished illustrations, in a big book of much attractiveness and lasting interest. W. Storrs Lee's *The Green Mountains of Vermont* blends history, folklore, and description with fine pictures. *Theodore Roosevelt's America* is subtitled "Selections from the Writings of the Oyster Bay Naturalist." Farida A. Wiley has done a most discriminating editorial job, and the pictures by Ugo Mochi are distinctive.

I am glad to note the appearance of a new edition of *Those of the Forest*, by Wallace Byron Grange—a book which I reviewed with enthusiasm when it first appeared. We are truly rich this Fall in books about the earth and the world of Nature which possess genuine literary distinction. There's Leonard Dubkin's *The Natural History of a Yard*, unpretentious and genuinely good. There's *The Edge of the Sea*, by Rachel Carson, with all the quality of *The Sea* around

*Us* and *Under the Sea Wind*. There's *The Voice of the Desert*, by Joseph Wood Krutch, marked by the sensitiveness and precision, the thoughtfulness and reticence, I so much admired in *The Desert Year*.

This is a lucky season for those who enjoy historical fiction, incidentally. I'll merely mention now important books that I shall come back to in another article: *The Tontine*, by Thomas B. Costain; *Andersonville*, by Mackinlay Kantor; *My Life for My Sheep*, by Alfred Duggan; and others. History by picture rather than by fiction is notable in *The Civil War in Pictures*, edited by Fletcher Pratt, and in *Mathew Brady, Historian with a Camera*, by James D. Horan.

Rich in pictures, too, is Harlowe R. Hoyt's *Town Hall Tonight*, entertaining and authentic in its reminiscences of the American entertainment world in the 1880s and 1890s. Mrs. Fiske and the *American Theatre*, by Archie Binns, is a markedly readable biography of the same period. A book for scholars as well as for general readers—a book of so much point, life, and charm that I have keenly enjoyed rereading it in the welcome new edition, is Margaret Webster's *Shakespeare without Tears*—about the plays and their interpretation by readers and on the stage.

Special interest in the West would be served by *Wah-to-yah and the Taos Trail*, an inexpensive but handsome reprinting of Lewis H. Garrard's authentic classic of 1850; by *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, an accurate and detailed pictorial biography by Henry

Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright; or by *Hell among the Yearlings*, by Edmund Randolph, an engaging account of ranching in Montana.

*Thurber's Dogs* have been rounded up in one of the better Fall books. *A Century of Punch Cartoons*, edited by R. E. Williams, seems to me an excellent idea: a collection of 1,000 cartoons representative of the best in the famous London weekly in its 100 years. *Cartoon Treasury*, by Lucy and Pyke Johnson, Jr., is another close-to-a-thousand collection of characteristic cartoons from 20 countries: which brings us back, by a long way round, to the international theme of *Ride with the Sun*, and the hope that books will be part of your Christmas.

• • •

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:

*The Good News* (American Bible Society, \$2).—*Ride with the Sun* (Whittlesey, \$2.95).—*Around the World in Eighty Days*, Lesley Blanch (Harper, \$2.50).—*Theodore Tilton*, Ellen MacGregor (Whittlesey, \$2).—*Sugarplum*, Johanna Johnson (Knopf, \$2).—*The Little Red House*, Grace Skaar (Young Scott, \$2).—*A Beast Called an Elephant*, Phil Stong (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75).—*Wagging Tales*, Marguerite Henry (Rand, McNally, \$2.95).—*Park Ranger and Tall Timber*, C. B. Cobb (Coward McCann, \$1.25).—*A Child's First Book of Outdoor Adventures* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.25).—*The Chippewa Indians*, Sonia Bleeker (Morrow, \$2).—*The First Book of India*, Emily Hahn (Franklin Watts, \$1.95).—*Insects in Their World*, Su Zan N. Swain (Garden City, \$2.50).—*Timber*, Allen Fisher (Dutton, \$1.75).—*Winds of Change*, Rhoda Wyngard (Dutton, \$1.75).—*Old Ironsides*, Harry Hansen (Random, \$1.50).—*The Mississippi Bubble*, Thomas B. Costain (Random, \$1.50).—*Up the Trail from Texas*, J. Frank Dobie (Random, \$1.50).—*Giant of the Rockies*, Eliza Blaik (World, \$2.50).—*The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book* (Oxford, \$5).—*Complete Tales of Uncle Remus* (Houghton, \$6).—*Illustrated Treasury of Children's Literature*, edited by Margaret Martignoni (Grosset & Dunlap, \$4.95).—*Davy Crockett, Frontier Hero*, Walter Blair (Coward McCann, \$2.50).—*My Hobby Is Collecting Rocks and Minerals*, David E. Jensen (Hart, \$2.95).—*Grandma's Cooking*, Allen Keller (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95).—*The Complete Italian Cook Book*, Rose L. Sorce (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.95).—*Smorgasbord and Scandinavian Cookery*, Florence Brobeck and Monika B. Kjellberg (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.95).—*The Complete Book of Fishing Tackle*, Larry Koller (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.95).—*The Saga of American Football*, Colonel Alexander Weyand (Macmillan, \$4.50).—*Pictorial History of American Sports*, John Durant and Otto Bettman (Grosset & Dunlap, \$4.95).—*The Field and Stream Treasury* (Holt, \$5).—*Seeing America's Wildlife*, Devereux Butcher (Devlin-Adair, \$4.50; paper \$2.50).—*The Book of the Mountains*, A. C. Spector (Apuleton-Century-Crofts, \$10).—*The Green Mountains of Vermont*, W. Storrs Lee (Holt, \$5).—*Theodore Roosevelt's America* (Devlin-Adair, \$6).—*Those of the Forest*, Wallace Byron Grange (Devlin-Adair, \$4.50).—*The Natural History of a Yard*, Leonard Dubkin (Regnery, \$3.50).—*The Edge of the Sea*, Rachel Carson (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95).—*The Voice of the Desert*, Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane, \$3.75).—*The Tontine*, Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, \$5).—*Andersonville*, Mackinlay Kantor (World, \$5).—*My Life for My Sheep*, Alfred Duggan (Coward-McCann, \$5).—*The Civil War in Pictures*, edited by Fletcher Pratt (Holt, \$10).—*Mathew Brady, Historian with a Camera*, James D. Horan (Crown, \$7.50).—*Town Hall Tonight*, Harlowe R. Hoyt (Prentice-Hall, \$7.50).—*Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre*, Archie Binns (Crown, \$5).—*Shakespeare without Tears*, Margaret Webster (World, \$4.50).—*Wah-to-yah and the Taos Trail*, Lewis H. Garrard (Oklahoma, \$2).—*Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright (Oxford, \$6.95).—*Hell among the Yearlings*, Edmund Randolph (Norton, \$3.75).—*Thurber's Dogs* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95).—*A Century of Punch Cartoons*, edited by R. E. Williams (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95).—*Cartoon Treasury*, Lucy and Pyke Johnson, Jr. (Doubleday, \$4.95).



Famous ex-enemies were "Buffalo Bill" Cody and Indian Chief Sitting Bull, who posed for this photo as fellow performers in a Western show. The picture comes from *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, by Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright.

Photo: Mercutio Archives

# PEEPS

## at Things to Come

BY ROGER W. TRUESDAIL, PH.D.

■ **Magnetic Light Bulb.** Thomas Edison's screw-thread light bulb, standard in the United States since the Gay Nineties, may soon become obsolete as the result of world-wide patents granted a Washington, D. C., inventor. A newly developed bulb and socket has no threads which require troublesome twisting and turning. The new type bulb is said "to leap to the socket" automatically and it never loosens because it is held safely and securely in place magnetically whether the light is on or off. The socket contains a small but powerful magnet made of a newly developed magnetic alloy and a light bulb equipped with a small steel plate. It's one of those deceptively simple ideas that raise the perennial question "Why didn't I think of it?" The new lamp and socket adaptor will soon be on the market.

■ **Watch without Hands.** A revolutionary "direct reading" wrist watch will soon be available. An American watchmaker believes the direct-reading principle will open up a vast new field of design possibilities in watches, which now can be styled as jewelry instead of just time-measuring instruments. Like certain clocks long on the market, the handless watch shows the hour and minute in a row of digits.

■ **Self-Soaping Dishwasher.** A new cellulose dish mop, attached to a hollow handle which holds liquid soap or detergent, keeps hands out of water, makes washing a single glass or a meal's dishes convenient and easy. As the mop is used, soap feeds through a patented valve into the sponge in sufficient amount to maintain rich suds.

■ **Fish Automatically!** "Meat fishermen" will be interested in a new casting float which never lets the fish get away. An ingenious depressing spring and automatic trigger sets the hook in one-fiftieth of a second. The theory is—and it seems logical—that human reaction is often too slow to set the hook the instant Mr. Fish bites, but this piscatorial gadget does it automatically.

■ **Why Stars Twinkle.** Have you wondered as you looked heavenward at night why the stars twinkle? The twinkling of stars has its origin in the temporary fading of their light and in lateral excursions of their images. These variations in light intensity and position of the stars are caused by disturbances in the earth's atmosphere.

■ **Electric Scissors.** Operated by a vibrator-type motor with 14,400 strokes a minute, an electric scissors takes the effort out of cutting cloth. This labor-

saver can be plugged into any A-C outlet. Plastic covered, the instrument is described as safe to operate and cuts through cloth like butter.

■ **Freezes Out Pain.** Dentists in the future may be freezing your mouth before they fill cavities instead of giving a local anesthetic to kill the pain, according to an article by Dr. Robert J. Eustice in the *Journal of the American Dental Association*. Dr. Eustice reports good results with the refrigerating device which directs a stream of air at about 34 degrees Fahrenheit to anesthetize mouth tissues. Of 100 subjects who had the mouth-freezing treatment, 94 reported little or no discomfort from having cavities filled. The other six who reported pain had cavities mainly involving the so-called wisdom teeth, which are relatively inaccessible. The new freezing method is expected to be especially helpful to those who cannot tolerate the chemical in the usual local anesthetic and to those who, because of illness, cannot be given local anesthetics. The device is a French invention.

■ **Challenge with Chalk.** An unusual kit of visual aids depends upon unique and startling fluorescent effects. This newest and most exciting way to present lectures, demonstrations, sales talks, and educational features involves the use of fluorescent invisible-color chalks. When used on a blackboard under room lighting, they give the appearance of white chalk. However, when a special ultraviolet lamp is turned on, the chalks glow in a rainbow of colors. For map studies, sales charts, graphs, and similar presentations, details and variations are clearly portrayed. Fluorescent crayons,

tempera colors, colored yarns, assorted cardboards, invisible ink, invisible lead for pencils, and grease pencils are a part of the visual aid kit. It is claimed this fluorescent magic increases attention—and retention—by more than 70 percent.

■ **Electrons Boost Octane.** One of the promising new industrial applications of atomic energy in the foreseeable future is in petroleum processing. Researchers now are probing radiation as a means of wresting a greater proportion of high-octane gasoline from crude oil. Current petroleum processing relies on heat, pressure, and catalysts to break and re-form gasoline molecules into more powerful fuels. However, this causes waste. Preliminary reports indicate that bombardment by electrons can snip off certain molecular segments and then join these same segments into upgraded gasoline.

■ **Less Mess.** Do-it-yourself painters spend considerable time cleaning messy paint cans when they're done. A new polyethylene plastic collar designed to fit a standard-size quart paint can keeps the paint from dripping down the outside of the can and allows paint from the brush to drain back into the can. Tight friction seal is assured since the rim is clean and paint-free. The collar is washed in the same manner as a brush since it is inert to thinners and solvents.

■ **Grease-Resistant Paint.** A newly introduced paint based on vinyl resins resists stains from deep-fat frying oils where conventional paints turn dark in six months. The new paint retains its original color and continues to be glossy. Fats and grease are easily cleaned off with ordinary cleaning compound. The vinyl paint is tough, glossy, and strongly adherent.

Letters to Dr. Truesdail may be addressed in care of *THE ROTARIAN* Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

A Christmas tree becomes a snowy wonder with the application of gobs of thick, glistening soap-suds "snow." The "snow" is made by adding a minimum of water to soap in a bowl and whipping it up to the consistency of thick meringue with a Rotary egg beater or a mixer.





# When the Spirit Catches . . .

*How a world of Rotarians helps make a holiday happier.*

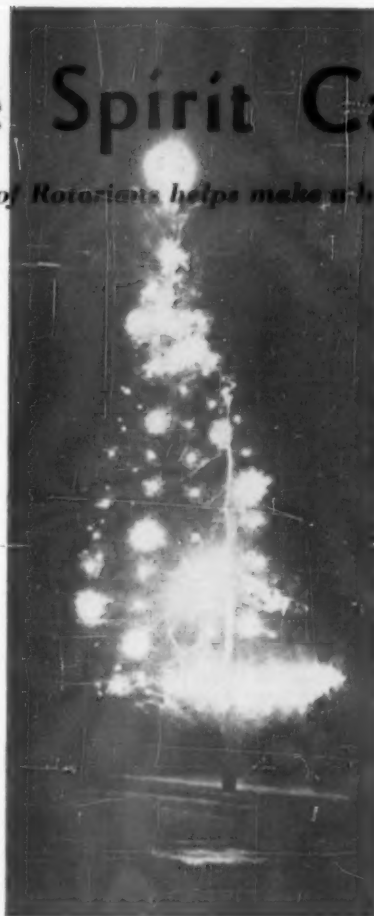
"AND finally Christmas morning will come. Don't worry—you'll be ready for it. You'll catch the spirit all right. Or it will catch you, which is even better." Thus did Peter Marshall, late Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, speak of the Christmas spirit, the kind that "is not in the stores, but in the hearts of people." The kind, to use a Rotary example, that Ludonico Llamas, of The Philippines, experienced last year when Rotarians of Atmore, Ala., took him into their homes to share their yuletide joys. A student at near-by Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Ludonico had a happy Christmas, far from his homeland, because some Rotarians saw in the yuletide a special opportunity for service to others.

In scores of other communities in many lands, Rotarians showed in different ways how the Christmas spirit had caught them. Some remembered especially the crippled children. In Lock Haven, Pa., 60 crippled youngsters attended the 29th annual Rotary party for the physically handicapped. In Wayne, Mich., Rotary played Santa to crippled tykes, as did Clubs in Manchester, England; Syracuse, N. Y.; Battle Creek,

Mich.; Bellingham, Wash.; and Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

Some of the Rotary Christmas parties last year were for "all the kids," those sound of limb or with braces. To the holiday fête of the Rotary Club of Huntington, W. Va., came 1,100 rural school children for an afternoon of singing, movies, gifts, and a luncheon. Youngsters of the first to the fourth grades in Ossining, N. Y., came to the Rotary party a thousand strong; in Oil City, Pa., the Rotary Club held a joint party with Rotary in near-by Franklin. And in Suffern, N. Y.; Minneapolis, Minn.; and Meadville, Pa., Rotary yuletide gatherings brought joy to hundreds more.

The needy and the aged and the tykes in county homes and sanatoriums were



*Christmas in Australia. Rotarians of Singleton put up this 100-ft. pine.*



*The traditional boar's head ceremony highlights the Christmas meeting of the Rotary Club of Victoria, B. C., Canada. The behatted bearers are Rotarians. . . (Right) The Victoria Rotary Girls' Choir sings carols at a local department store.*





*Sharing Santa's load of happiness for children, old folks, and the needy takes much time, but still Rotarians set aside a holiday period for a prized commodity: fellowship. Here in the Rotary Club of Hong Kong Island West, Hong Kong, Rotarians stand amid colorful Christmas decorations to toast their mutual friendship.*



*Telling the story of the Babe in the manger, Nativity scenes like this one erected by the Rotary Club of Lyndonville, Vt., remind busy shoppers of the season's Biblical significance. The manger was built by Lyndonville Rotarians and the 38-inch figures were arranged and illuminated by them.*

Photo: Gamache



*Their tables arranged in a circle, Rotarians of St. George, Que., Canada, mark the yuletide with a meeting made different for the occasion. Their guest of honor was the hotel's chef, their turkey carver the charter President of the Club. Attendance was 100 percent and all received a memento of the meeting. In St. George and elsewhere, Christmas finds Rotarians firming up their long-cherished friendly ties.*

remembered, too, by many Clubs. Christmas baskets were filled and distributed by Clubs in Phoenix, Ariz., and Wilmington, N. C., while the Rotary Club of Aruba, Netherlands Antilles, gave bundles of gifts to a local welfare society for the poor. Merry-making came to old people in Auckland, New Zealand, at a Rotary dinner, and at other Rotary parties in Moorhead, Minn.; Staten Island, N. Y.; and Toronto, Ont., Canada. Children in institutions had their hearts gladdened by Rotary Clubs in Sandusky, Ohio; Pensacola, Fla.; and Moline, Ill.

The spirit of St. Nicholas also inspired Rotarians to bring the story of Christmas to their communities by erecting Nativity scenes. A large replica of the Bible displaying the words "For unto you is born this day a Savior which is Christ the Lord" featured a scene constructed by Rotarians of Minnedosa, Man., Canada. Bordering the setting were spruce trees set in blocks of ice. In Cass City, Mich., some 10,000 persons came two evenings to the Rotary Club's City of Bethlehem setting, a hillside display built near the edge of the town. It provided the background for a Christmas pageant enacted by a cast of 250. Another Bethlehem scene that drew people many miles was that of the Rotary Club of Glen Burnie, Md.

Christmas of '54 was a more melodious holiday in many places, because Rotary

*Santa comes to some aboriginal children in Australia as a costumed Ma-reeba Rotarian hands out gifts at a Rotary party. . . . (At bottom) In their gay hats, some little ones at the Ma-reeba fun fest have cake and ice cream.*



Clubs sponsored choral groups that went about singing the traditional carols. In the Union of South Africa, where several Rotary Clubs sponsor "Carols by Candlelight" festivals, that of the Rotary Club of Kimberley was among the most impressive. More than 6,000 voices were raised in song in a pavilion setting crowned with an illuminated star. So beautiful was the scene, it was described as having "an inspiring effect as 6,000 candles burned along the length of the pavilion to produce the appearance of a fairy city with twinkling lights." The Union of South Africa Rotary Clubs of Wynberg and Capetown were others that held this singing festival.

Again working to help others in the season's spirit of giving, Rotarians took their turns at manning Salvation Army kettles on street corners. Among the Clubs whose members rang bells to help the poor were those in Lakeland, Fla.; Concord, N. C.; and Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Often Christmas giving by Rotary Clubs centers around a special project, such as the one-story recreation and therapy building erected for a children's home last year by the Rotary Club of Oklahoma City, Okla. Or as in Philadelphia, Pa., where the Rotary Club gave a new piano and \$1,000 worth of therapy equipment to a children's heart hospital. Often, too, it is little individual acts like the Christmas party on a Canadian train arranged by two travelling Rotarians, one from Chicago, Ill., the other from Montreal, Que. By wiring ahead, they had two trees, candy, and gifts waiting at the next stop for the kiddies aboard.

The yuletide spirit catches Rotarians every year; in fact, it couldn't possibly miss these regular helpers of the man with the long white beard. They give him a hand wherever he travels—in The Netherlands as *Sinterklaas*, in Germany as *Kriss Kringle*, in France as *Le Petite Noel*, in the U. S. A. as Santa Claus. They like to help. His work brings such joyful smiles to faces, old and young.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Set up in the meeting room of the Miami, Fla., Rotary Club, this display reminded members of the Club's CARE project. Result: Miami sent six tons of food abroad. Later the groceries displayed were given to local needy families.



DECEMBER, 1955



Photo: MacDonald

Packing a yule gift—one of five boxes—headed for Jerusalem are three Rotarians of Berea, Ohio. Wearing Arab dress is a Baldwin-Wallace College student whose father, a former Rotarian of Tel Aviv-Jaffa, Israel, will distribute the clothing among needy refugees. "They'll be thankful for this," the student said appreciatively.



For the 17th year the Rotary Club of Regina, Sask., Canada, observes the boar's head ritual, a medieval ceremony replete with choral singing as the procession marches in. Leading these Rotarians are the Mustard Bearer (left) and the Lord High Keeper of the Vintands. The boar's head is set before the Rotary President.



Bags of clothing for the needy of Davao, The Philippines, are all packed, and Rotarians and their ladies stand ready to distribute them. Besides this Christmas project, the Davao Club sponsored a children's party that featured an ultramodern note: Santa Claus arrived from out of the skies—in a fast-moving helicopter.

# Rotary REPORTER

News and photos from  
Rotary's 8,864 Clubs  
in 93 countries and regions

## Cologne and Lille Firm Some Ties

In Northern France, near the Belgian border, stands LILLE, world famous for its flax thread and beautiful damask and linen goods. Here closer friendly bonds with Germany are being forged through ties that LILLE Rotarians have with the Rotary Club of COLOGNE, GERMANY. Not long ago a group of LILLE members travelled to COLOGNE for a Rotary meeting, and with them they brought some good news about a scholarship that would bring the two communities still closer. As announced by Emile Vandeputte, 1954-55 President of LILLE Rotary, the fellowship came to the Club through the French Department of Education at the suggestion of

operated by Wasco Rotarian Edward J. Peters and managed by Rotarian Waldo Unruh. Using interpreters, it was these Rotarians who explained to the tourists the agricultural methods viewed. For their special cooperation, Rotarians Raney, Peters, and Unruh were given medals of appreciation.

## A Way to Say 'Glad You Came'

Now that the major-league baseball season in the U.S.A. is over, the Rotary Club of the BRONX, N. Y., is welcoming faraway visitors in another way. But while the baseball season was on, the BRONX Club scored hits by presenting to visitors farthest from home baseballs autographed by all the players on the New York Yankees team. An Australian Rotarian who received the baseball memento was so pleased with it that he later displayed his signed ball at an Australian trade-association meeting.

## It's ROTARY on the Air!

To help fellow townsmen know more about Rotary locally and world-wide, Rotarians are using local radio and television stations often. A Rotary program went on the air in

cently Stuart A. Coulter, of COVINA, CALIF., Governor of District 162, told the TV audience about the Visiting International Students Association sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of southern California. Two LONG BEACH Rotarians earlier had discussed their Club's vocational-counselling project, and officers of the Rotary Club of CANOGA PARK were interviewed regarding their Club's work with a local boys' home.

## Sell a Film to Build a Pool

To build a community swimming pool, the Rotary Club of NELSON, B. C., CANADA, has been busy raising money in many ingenious ways. Recently it added \$1,000 to the fund by putting to use the photographic talents of some of its members. A local logging firm wanted a film made of its operations, so NELSON Rotary took on the job. Shooting of the film got under way with Don Mollison heading the filming group, and the Club's 1954-55 President, William S. Ramsay, a photographer, helping at every turn. Training their camera on logging operations, sawmill work, dry kilns, and the loading of lumber on freight cars, the Rotary camera crew produced a 1,400-foot 16-mm. film at a cost of \$368. The lumber company reimbursed the Club for its expenses, in addition to paying \$1,000 for the film (see photo). This sum the NELSON Club added to its swimming-pool fund, bringing it to \$12,000. "Besides increasing our pool fund," says Rotarian Ramsay, "the film project helped our members learn a great deal about one of the major industries of this Province."

## Such Hospitality is Arresting!

Out-of-State motorists travelling through PINELLAS PARK, FLA., not long ago, found themselves being treated to a reverse kind of hospitality. While obeying all traffic



A queen and her sponsors! Sheila McEnness, winner of the "Miss Fleur de Lis" contest in Newport, R. I., dons her crown for Chas. S. Dotterer (left), 1954-55 President of the Newport Rotary Club, and George Harrison, current President. She was sponsored by Rotary; her prize, a trip to Paris, France, and \$100 from the Rotary Club.

Roger Coutant, of LILLE, a Past District Governor and Chairman of the French section of the French-German Inter-country Committee. The fellowship is for a year's study at the University of Lille, and was to be awarded to a COLOGNE student.

## Smooth the Way for the Russians

On their recent tour of U. S. farmlands, Soviet farmers hiked through corn fields, visited some Rotary Clubs (see *Russians at Rotary* in the October issue), and had many a farm gate opened for them by men with clogged wheels in their lapels. In California, for example, the Russians showed particular interest in land-levelling operations and cotton growing, both of which were displayed to the visitors with the help of several members of the Rotary Clubs of BAKERSFIELD and WASCO. The land-levelling work was watched on a 75,000-acre ranch operated by a company whose officials include BAKERSFIELD Rotarians Mark Raney, Stanley Awenius, and Raymond Talcott, each of whom helped make the arrangements for the Soviet guests. The cotton field visited is



"They will fill a great need," says Mrs. C. R. Watkins, chapter officer of the American Cancer Society, as she accepts a wheel chair and bed from the Rotary Club of Bradenton, Fla. Trying the chair for comfort is H. Blake Thackston, 1954-55 Club President. In rear are C. Earnshaw and R. McClure.

HOUMA, LA., for example, that featured William Zeigler, the Club President, and several other officers. Called "Meet the President," the program is a weekly series designed to acquaint listeners with the town's civic and service organizations.

Over TV station KCOP, in LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Rotarians of near-by Clubs are making their organizations better known throughout the area by appearing on the "Church Talent Hour." Re-



A swimming-pool fund goes up \$1,000 as Verne Vance (left), lumber-company executive, hands a check for that amount to W. S. Ramsay, 1954-55 President of the Rotary Club of Nelson, B. C., Canada. The payment is for an industrial film the Nelson Club made for the logging firm (see item above).



laws, they were arrested and ordered to drive to a near-by picnic grounds for "trial." There they found the President of the PINELLAS PARK Rotary Club ready to deal out his special kind of justice: everyone brought before him was sentenced to eat a free barbecue dinner, and to stay overnight at a local motel without cost. All this heckling of motorists was part of the fun at the Rotary Club's outdoor barbecue, which proved to be a delicious way to raise funds for a refreshment building donated by the Club to the city.

#### Jubilee Notes Still Ring Out

The reports and photos of Golden Anniversary projects have diminished from their earlier flood-tide proportions, but still they come in welcome numbers. Here are some recent ones:

In the heart of California's Santa Clara Valley, the BEVERLY-BURBANK Rotary Club inaugurated a rehabilitation program for tuberculosis and polio patients of the area. Having learned that many patients at a near-by county hospital were eager to prepare themselves for an active life again, the Rotary Club sent a Committee to the hospital to learn how it could help such persons. Its answer was seen in a small room where six high-school teachers taught patients such subjects as English, mathematics, and homemaking. A new build-

**All Over Again!**—More than three decades ago the Rotary Club of Troy, N. Y., showed its ability to act fast to help raise money for the Boy Scouts. A camp was then needed, and Dwight Marvin stood before his fellow members as they pledged \$11,000 in eight minutes for the project. Recently this scene happened all over again in Troy. This time the camp needed money for additional land. The goal was \$3,500, and again Dwight Marvin guided the pledging session. In five minutes and eight seconds he had his sum—plus \$1,150 more. The new land for the camp has been bought.

ing was needed for this work, and BEVERLY-BURBANK Rotary decided to get one started by contributing \$1,000 for construction materials. Later, other groups joined in, contributing labor and material. In these new quarters more jobs were to be taught, including metal working, dressmaking, and jewelry manufacturing.

IN READING, PA., the Rotary Club geared its 50th Anniversary plans to three goals: to celebrate, to help members understand Rotary better, and to help the public know more about Rotary. An Anniversary party and a Ladies' Day were part of the Club's celebration; *The Great Adventure* film, five meetings devoted to Rotary sub-



Photo: Venditti

Around this 20-ton memorial to Archibald M. Willard, painter of the famous *The Spirit of '76*, are grouped Rotarians of Bedford, Ohio, birthplace of the artist. The monument was erected by the Bedford Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary Clubs. Leaning on the rock (at the left) is Wayne D. Mitchell, President of Bedford Rotary.



Ham 'n' eggs equipped this playground in Petaluma, Calif., with Rotarians cooking and serving them and some 1,200 townsfolk doing the buying and eating. An all-day breakfast, it brought \$1,048 to buy playground swings, climbing bars, and other equipment. The Rotary Committee that sparked the job stands in foreground.



On their way to a Shrine circus—that accounts for all the happy faces—are these youngsters of Trinidad, Colo., and surrounding county. The tickets they are holding high were bought for them by the members of the Rotary Club of Trinidad. Ready to enjoy the circus with the youngsters are four Rotarians shown in the photo.



Photos: Howard

A night of close harmony combines the singing talents of men of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing, and the management ability of Rotarians of Springfield, Oreg. Their annual shows have raised

\$4,400 for community projects. The Cascade Chorus is shown performing at the 1955 song fest. There were eight quartettes on the program. . . (Right) Rotarians and some singers count the proceeds: 2,350 silver dollars to be donated to a local hospital.

jects, and the writing of a Club history extended Rotary knowledge within the Club; and distribution of the history and a public showing of the film made Rotary better known in the community. One of READING's special Jubilee projects was the sending of a young architect to Germany to gain "on the job" experience.

Flowers—more than 4,000 of them—colorfully proclaimed Rotary's birthday in MONTREAL-WESTWARD, QUE., CANADA, for there huge banks of plants spelled out, on the lawn in front of the town hall, the words "Rotary International—Golden Anniversary." Other plants formed the years 1905-1955.

In District 251 (51 Rotary Clubs in New York) a student-exchange program has for years been a joint project of the area's Clubs, bringing 33 students to the U.S.A. from many countries. As a Jubilee undertaking, the Rotary Club of NEWARK, N. Y., decided to find out from students how they had been benefited

by the plan, the job entailing correspondence with all of them. Their replies were then published in a 36-page booklet entitled *Overseas Postmarks*, which was distributed to all Clubs in the District and to all District Governors.

The Jubilee brought to RANGOON, BURMA, the local Rotary Club's "Railway Day," an event named in honor of the BURMA railways. At a Club meeting attended by railroad officials and their wives, a medal was awarded to an engineer chosen by the Burma Railway Board as "best railway man of the year." As part of this Anniversary venture, the RANGOON Rotary Club also presented medals to public officials for "services to the country."

#### Tel Aviv Makes Sports History

Followers of basketball know that the title of "The Traveling Team" belongs to the Harlem Globetrotters, a 29-year-old professional organization made up of the top Negro

players in the United States. Despite their annual global tours, however, the Trotters had never been to Israel. That is, they had never been there until just a few months ago, and the organization that brought them there was the 103-man Rotary Club of TEL AVIV-JAFFA. They came because these Israeli Rotarians had taken on the job of raising money to build a sports and cultural center for underprivileged youth. "The city will provide the land," the Mayor had said, "but somebody must do the rest." The "somebody" proved to be the Rotary Club, and "the rest" meant \$20,000 for construction costs. As the Club considered ways to produce such a large sum, it learned that Abe Saperstein, owner and coach of the Globetrotters, was interested in adding Israel to his team's itinerary. TEL AVIV Rotary had its money-raising project! It offered to sponsor the Israel visit, with the proceeds to go toward building the sports hall. Mr. Saperstein accepted the offer, and waived his team's percentage of the proceeds. Then a group of TEL AVIV-JAFFA Rotarians guaranteed the expenses involved, and the Rotary Clubs of JERUSALEM and PETAH TIKVAH, the latter then only a few weeks old, guaranteed additional sums.

"We were then in business!" reports Wellesley Aron, President of the TEL AVIV-JAFFA Club. "The dates were fixed, and an organizing Committee formed headed by Percy Manham. Members tackled the job of handling every detail of air and surface transportation for the team, housing the 48-man group, and selling some 50,000 tickets for three games at Israel's 16,000-seat stadium. A wooden floor was designed and built; flood lights and a public-address system installed; traffic and crowd control, sight-seeing, press relations, social functions, souvenir programs—all were handled by the Committee. Government agencies also helped us ensure the show's success."

When the first game started, the auditorium was filled to capacity; the second and third games were also completely sold out. In the daytime the basketball players toured the region, bathed in the River Jordan, attended a Rotary



At the site where a sports center is to be built in Tel Aviv-Jaffa, Israel (see item), Abe Saperstein, basketball mentor, views area with Rotarians. . . (Below) At a Rotary luncheon, Committee Chairman Percy Manham (right) presents Mr. Saperstein with an acknowledgment of his contribution to Tel Aviv.



Photos: © Altar

Club luncheon (see photo), and were received by President Ben-Zwi, head of the State of Israel. At the closing game, 48 boys walked out on the basketball floor to present to Mr. Saperstein and his players beautifully bound Bibles, each containing the recipient's name on a specially printed page.

"That is how it all happened," says President Aron. "Today, young and old in Israel know something of Rotary and its ways. We now proceed with the erection of the sports center—the job the Mayor gave to Rotary as a priority project."

**25th Year for Six More Clubs** December is silver-anniversary month for six Rotary Clubs organized in 1930. Congratulations to them! They are: Waycross, Ga.; Woodstock, N. B., Canada; Llandrindod Wells, Wales; Tarma, Peru; Selby, England; Dixon, Calif.

**Add More Notes on Little League** Though the baseball season is over, stories of home runs and strikeouts by Little Leaguers and Pony players are still being told. Many of these teams played under Rotary sponsorship (see *Play Ball!* in THE ROTARIAN for August), as did six Little League groups in HAMMOND, LA. There the Rotary Club sponsored its fourth season of small-boy baseball, the num-



One of 12 Explorer Scouts honored at Scouting's 45th-anniversary breakfast in Washington, D. C., is Jimmy Noblin, of Forest, Miss., whose post is sponsored by the Forest Rotary Club. With him (at left) is W. Marsh Gollner, 1954-55 Governor of District 267, representing Rotary International at meeting.

ber of League teams being augmented by six other "farm" teams.

In FRANKFORT, IND., the Pony (Protect Our Nations Youth) teams are sponsored by the Rotary Club, the league being made up of four teams of 15 players each. The '55 season was the FRANKFORT Club's second year of baseball sponsorship.

One of the busiest cities in small-boy baseball is MEMPHIS, TENN., where some 3,500 energetic players take to the diamonds every season. Of this number, nearly 300 are members of teams sponsored by Rotarians, or companies in which Rotarians are active. This baseball program got its start ten years ago, when William (Bill) Terry, former manager of the New York Giants and then a Rotarian, organized a city-wide

## Take a Page from Vijayawada



*Does your Club want to have direct contact at its meetings with persons from overseas? Many Clubs do—and they arrange for these personal international relations in a way that often provides a Club program. How an Indian Rotary Club—and others—do this in their communities is described below.*

**MAKING** overseas students feel at home often takes no more than a handclasp, a smile, a "how are you?" But however it's done, it's being accomplished by many Rotary Clubs, one of them the Rotary Club of Vijayawada, India. Recently it hosted six California students making a goodwill tour of India. After being taken around the town by Rotarians, the students attended a Rotary meeting where they sang, talked with some Indian students, and spoke of their homeland.

Other Clubs that recently entertained students from distant lands include the Rotary Clubs of Inverell, Australia, and Burnt Hills-Ballston Lake, N. Y. Inverell had as its guest an Asian student who spent a month there under Rotary sponsorship. The wish was made, in welcoming him, that his "happiest memories of Australia be linked with the weeks you spent in Inverell as one of us."

The Rotary Club of Burnt Hills-Ballston Lake sponsored a picnic for 35 exchange students touring the U.S.A. "It was heartening," said a Club spokesman, "to see these students mixing together at an American picnic over hot dogs and soda pop."

In Flint, Mich., not long ago the Rotary Club heard four students from the Union of South Africa, Australia, Argentina, and Brazil talk about Rotary activities in their home cities.



K. Venkateswaran, President of the Vijayawada Club, speaks to students.

Flint Rotary also hosts a different overseas student each week from an institute sponsored by a motorcar company.

At this time of the year the Rotary Club of Osage, Iowa, also hosts overseas students prior to the Christmas holidays. Last year Osage entertained 35 from the University of Iowa, the students staying in the homes of Rotarians.

league with the help of Rotarian Kenneth Orgill. At the close of the recent season the MEMPHIS Rotary Club invited to a meeting one player from each of the teams with Rotary affiliation.

The '55 season brought top honors to the Rotary Little League team in New Braunfels, TEX., as it emerged the winner in a championship series for the community. To the NEW BRAUNFELS players the thrill of winning a championship was not new; they won the '54 series, too.

### Looking behind the Scout Troops

Working quietly behind many Boy Scout troops are legions of men whose counsel and material assistance help keep these youth groups moving forward. In the forefront of these supporters are many wearers of the cogged wheel, as the following examples show: In LOUISVILLE, KY., the Boy Scout

Fair has become an annual Rotary-sponsored affair. This year's event, built around a do-it-yourself theme, again was organized by the LOUISVILLE Rotary Club, with ten Committees working to put the show across. So successful was the promotion that more than 30,000 persons bought tickets for the two-day event.

In BRACEBRIDGE, ONT., CANADA, a Boy Scout troop away from home recently experienced the kind of helpfulness typical of that shown to Scouts by Rotary Clubs of many lands. From NORTH LAWRENCE, OHIO, the boys were in BRACEBRIDGE on a Scouting junket, when the Rotary Club there set them up in a near-by camp and furnished them with complete camping gear, all without charge. Later, news of the incident reached the Rotary Club of CANAL FULTON, OHIO, and the Club Secretary sent a letter of appreciation to the Brace-





From Tamworth, Australia, to Coffs Harbour is the flight these 29 youngsters are about to make for a happy day at the beach. Arranged by the Rotary Club of Tamworth, the outing at the Coffs Harbour end was taken over by local Rotarians. Bruce I. Gillard (left), Tamworth Club President, made the flight with the children.

bridge Club for its "real Rotarian deed."

Hanging on a wall at a Boy Scout camp near WASHINGTON, LA., is an honor roll of civic and service organizations that have raised funds for the building of new camp facilities. A recent addition to the list was the name of the Rotary Club of FRANKLIN, LA., making it the third Rotary Club so honored. Earlier the Louisiana Rotary Clubs of LA-FAYETTE and NEW IBERIA had received the camp's recognition for their contributions. It was reported that the nearby Rotary Clubs of OPELOUSAS and EUNICE had begun their fund-raising projects for the Scout camp.

#### Change of Pace Does the Job!

Once in a while a Rotary Club adds sparkie to its calendar of events—and sparks new interest among its members—by changing its pace. The Rotary Club of QUEBEC, QUE., CANADA, did this recently when it held a meeting aboard the 26,000-ton passenger ship *Homeric* docked in the St. Lawrence River. Following their luncheon, QUEBEC Rotarians toured the ship.

A change of pace that had Rotarians paddling down a river early on a foggy morn was the recent canoe trip made by members of the Rotary Club of HEALDSBURG, CALIF. Downstream from HEALDSBURG, on the Russian River, is GUERNEVILLE, the destination the adventurous boatmen set for themselves, their cry being "Guerneville or Sink." There they would meet with local Rotarians, and cement further the good relations between the towns. So, at 4 o'clock one morning, a hardy group of ten set off in four canoes and one rubber and one canvas boat. They made several portages, carrying such equipment as life jackets, first-aid kits, lunch pails, and thermos jugs. Eight hours later they arrived in GUERNEVILLE in time for the Rotary meeting, at which greetings from HEALDSBURG were extended to all, with

a demand that "a return visit by the GUERNEVILLE Club, via the water route, be planned at an early date."

A different touch was given a recent Rotary meeting day in ROCKDALE, TEX., when Rotarians had their luncheon, then boarded busses for a trip to a new high school. They toured the classrooms, later heard the school-board president describe the new facilities.

**Hello There, Redhead!** — Fifty sons and daughters of European Rotarians were enjoying a ten-day youth gathering at Cowley Manor, near Cheltenham, the guests of 34 Clubs in the 10th District. In Bristol, where they were hosted by the Rotary Club, the visitors stopped to admire the suspension bridge over the Avon Gorge. Then it happened. A painter, working high above, upset a bucket of red paint, most of the bright, sticky substance covering one unlucky French girl. But Rotarian Leslie Wild was equal to the occasion. He whisked her home in his car, and Mrs. Wild provided "a bath, paint remover, clothes, and feminine consolation." After a chic hair-do at a beauty salon, the party moved happily on its way, with no more tears and with the *entente cordiale* reestablished.

#### Students Figure in These Plans

Learning about Rotary firsthand are college and high-school students who are frequent guests of their local Rotary Clubs—and often of Clubs far from their home communities. In LEXINGTON, KY., for example, the Rotary Club recently entertained 14 college students travelling in America un-

der the auspices of an international association for student exchange. LEXINGTON Rotarians escorted them on tours of the city during a three-day stay. . . . Not long ago the Rotary Club of HALIFAX, N. S., CANADA, held an International Day meeting attended by 59 students from 17 countries, all of them enrolled at local universities. Interviews with the students were tape-recorded for later broadcasting, producing a radio program that was "one of the most talked about in this area," according to a Club spokesman.

A recent youth program of the Rotary Club of PORT NECHES, TEX., featured three high-school seniors who talked on good citizenship. "This Club," says Harry Roden, Chairman of the Magazine Committee, "believes in hearing the beliefs of the younger people, and provides a place for them to speak on subjects that interest them." . . . One of the Rotary Clubs which regularly have high-school guests is that of PERRY, OKLA., a 30-man organization which keeps senior boys and girls coming to its meetings. Recently the Club decided to give an award to a boy and girl chosen for "qualities of service, character, leadership, and scholarship." The award shields went to the winners at a school assembly.

Students of agriculture, all members of the local 4-H Club, have close ties with the Rotary Club of WOLFVILLE, N. S., CANADA, as a result of the Club's donations of calves to 4-H'ers. Two are given to young farmers each year.

#### 35 New Clubs in Rotary World

Since the October listing of new Clubs in this department, Rotary entered 35 more communities in many parts of the world. The new Clubs (with sponsors in parentheses) are: Darbhanga (Muzaffarpur), India; Norrköping Norra (Norrköping), Sweden; Senlis (Paris), France; Oujda (Fez), Morocco; Bastogne (Arion and Marchen-Famenne), Belgium; Antwerp-Escout (Antwerp), Belgium; Glen (Montargis), France; Paarden Eiland (Capetown), Union of South Africa; Hachinohe (Aomori), Japan; Cajamarca (Lambayeque), Peru; Santa Rosa (Santo Angelo, Brazil, and San Javier, Argentina), Brazil; Rottemmann (Graz), Austria; Caltanissetta (Palermo), Italy; Windsor (Penrith), Australia; Gauhati (Calcutta), India; Agudos (Bauru), Brazil; Sertanópolis (Bella Vista do Paraíso), Brazil; Heide/Holstein (Neumünster), Germany; Trani (Bari), Italy; Takada (Kashiwazaki), Japan; Somerset West (Strand), Union of South Africa; Oudtshoorn (George), Union of South Africa; St. Boniface (Winnipeg), Man., Canada; Juan L. Lacaze, Uruguay; Nabha (Patiala), India; Tlalnepantla, Mexico; Monbetsu (Sapporo and Abashiri), Japan; Alcester, England; Kahului (Maui), Hawaii; Maple Creek (Medicine Hat, Alta.), Sask., Canada; Canfield (Youngstown), Ohio; Greenfield (Shelbyville), Ind.; Boardman (Youngstown), Ohio; North Phoenix (Phoenix), Ariz.; Lennox (Inglewood and Hawthorne), Calif.



# PERSONALIA

*'Briefs' about Rotarians, their honors and records.*

**PROJECT MEN.** It's hardly news to say that Rotarians are connected with large projects, but two South Carolina Rotarians are connected with the largest fresh-water industrial project in the world. And what's more, the idea originated with one of them. They are ARTHUR M. FIELD and W. C. DUTTON, JR. (right and left, respectively, in photo), of Charleston; the project is Charleston's Bushy Park Peninsula, a 4,000-acre tract being developed for industrial sites. ROTARIAN FIELD is supervising construction of a canal which will carry 10 billion gallons of water daily from the

*Photo: Reilly*



*Pointing up an industrial water project in Charleston, S. C. (see item).*

upper Cooper River to Bushy Park, a plan he conceived a decade ago and has been pushing ever since. ROTARIAN DUTTON is director of county planning, which controls the development.

**Regular Attender.** Any Rotary Club out to set attendance records could do well to have someone like YOSHIKICHI NAKABE, of Nagoya, Japan, on its membership roll. During June and July, for example, ROTARIAN NAKABE attended 53 Rotary meetings in Japan, for a total attendance percentage of 875 in June and 650 in July. During that span he attended meetings every day except Sunday. Only one day did he attend two meetings, one being a charter night for the Rotary Club of Tokyo East.

**Experience Recorder.** A few months back, CLARENCE C. SCHOWALTER, of Wyoming Park, Mich., listened to a Rotary Foundation Fellow reporting at the District Conference on his year of study abroad. It seemed to ROTARIAN SCHOWALTER that time forced the Fellow to omit a great deal of interesting material. He pondered, then acted. He presented his District with a tape recorder. It will be loaned to a Fellow going abroad for

recording his experiences in other lands. On completing each tape, he will mail it back to the District Governor for routing among the Clubs. That way all Rotarians in the District can share their student's experiences in greater detail than is possible at District Conferences.

**Barrier Lowered.** LESLIE V. GRAY, of Culver City, Calif., is one Rotarian who believes in knocking over barriers—or, to be more accurate, in ignoring them. The barrier in his case was complete crippling by poliomyelitis when he was 15 years old. He has spent all the ensuing time in a wheel chair (see photo), but that hasn't stopped his activity. Besides attaining business success, he is a Past President of the Rotary Club of Culver City, a leading speaker much in demand—and chairman for four years of the Culver City-Palms March of Dimes campaign, with the hope that his work would help "save many from the fate that befell me."

**The Men Who Came to Dinner.** What do you do when that man you invited to dinner turns out to be 51 men? A housewife might scream, but ROTARIAN W. N. DERAMUS, of Kansas City, Mo., had the answer. This is what happened: ROTARIAN DERAMUS promised a dinner to his long-time friend W. H. HOFFMAN, president of a butane-products company in Port Neches, Tex.—and then President of the Port Neches Rotary Club. ROTARIAN DERAMUS took the occasion of the expiration of PRESIDENT HOFFMAN's term for the dinner—and, since he is president of the Kansas City Southern



*Photo: Beverly Hills Citizen*

*To Harry L. Ruggles, Rotary's "Number One man" (left), on his 84th birthday: a commemorative plaque from Rotarians of Beverly Hills, Calif. Club President George C. Silzer makes the award.*



*Dimes Man Leslie Gray with two polio victims whom dimes helped (see item).*

*Photo: (below) Hargman; (above) Fry*



*A gift to his community from William G. Micke (inset), Lodi, Calif., Rotarian: a fully furnished \$200,000 building as a memorial to his late wife. Earlier he had given his fellow townsmen a grove equipped with picnic facilities and swimming pool*

## Four on the Go at 90

**W**ILL YOU, when you top the ripe age of 90, live actively, maintain your enthusiasms about Rotary, and in general act like a youngster of 60?

If you do, you will be qualified to join the select company of such Rotarians as these four who do just that: George B. Sears, 90, of Salem, Mass., one of the oldest presiding judges in the United States; Thomas W. Watkins, Sr., 91, and Edward L. Raidler, 90, of Springfield, Mo., banker and collection-agency operator, respectively; and Ferdinand J. Funk, 95, of Topeka, Kans., retired furniture dealer and funeral director, who hasn't missed a Rotary meeting in 33 years.

The joy of living of these Rotarians is typified by Judge Sears. Recently when he reached his 90th birthday, his fellow Salem Rotarians wanted to recognize the event. The only difficulty was that he was out playing golf. The presentation had to wait. . . . "Uncle Tom" Watkins finally has won permanent possession of his Club's trophy—for catching the biggest fish. . . . Rotarian Raidler has been Chairman of the Sunshine Committee for 27 years, a job which provides a lot of fun and a chance to spread some sunshine. . . . Travel is a choice dish for Rotarian Funk, who motors annually, with his daughter, to Colorado, and sometimes as far as to Canada. He has visited 121 Rotary Clubs in 29 States, in five Canadian Provinces, and in six other countries, as well as attending 16 International Conventions, including Mexico, Canada, and Belgium.

Truly, they are all men in motion.



Funk



Raidler



Sears



Watkins

cation. . . . JAMES M. PAFFORD, President of the Rotary Club of Falmouth, Mass., and president of the Massachusetts Board of Real Estate Appraisers, has been elected to his second term as president of the Cape Cod Board of Realtors.

. . . ALFRED J. BJERREGAARD, of Frederiksborg, Denmark, and Governor of Rotary's District 80, has been made a Knight of the Order of Orange Nassau by the Government of The Netherlands for his leadership in connection with help for flood victims in The Netherlands in 1953. ROTARIAN BJERREGAARD is a newspaper distributor. . . . JOSEPH THOMPSON, manager of the Central Coöperative Wholesale branch in Wadena, Minn., has been assigned by the International Labor Office to The Philippines for a one-year term as advisor to producer and marketing coöperatives.



Thompson

**Bell Man.** When EVERETTE A. PETERSON, a dentist, was Secretary of the Rotary Club of Denver, Colo., a year or so back, he pondered some way to take public note of the services of Rotarians. Not the widely publicized, impressive acts of service, mind you, but rather the little ones which mean so much in smoothing the path of life. Then somewhere the phrase "bell ringer" rang a bell with him, and forthwith he proceeded to ring other bells as the Club's "town crier." Specifically, when a member did something noteworthy, SECRETARY PETERSON mounted the rostrum ringing a bell and crying, "So-and-So rang a bell when . . ." and then presented the "bell ringer" with a gold cardboard bell to which were attached jingling little bells. Speaks well for Den-

Railroad, backed up a lounge car and a diner on the butane company's spur track. PRESIDENT HOFFMAN sat down to the ample meal, but so also did his fellows from the Rotary Club of Port Neches. The diner was ready for them.

**Rekindler.** Frequently you hear Rotarians say, "Well, if you really want to rekindle the spirit of Rotary in yourself, attend a charter night." Some do it occasionally, but SHELLEY A. NEAL, a charter member of the Rotary Club of Braintree, Mass., makes a habit of it. He has been present at 28 Rotary Club charternights—almost one for each year of

his membership in Rotary. He hasn't missed a meeting since his own Club's charter night—32 years ago.

**Heart Lift.** In Dormont-Mount Lebanon, Pa., there's a Rotarian who, any day now, will assume the disguise of a spirit no one believes in—no one, that is, except those who know better—and for a brief period of time disappear from his usual haunts. His business will be in the hands of his employees; his life will be elsewhere; even his family will not know his whereabouts. His name: CHARLES ("JAKE") THOMAS. His temporary alias: Santa Claus. It will be the 26th time he has taken this disguise and alias—not to escape the wrath of neighbors for wrongdoing, but to bring

joy to the hearts of the world of institutions and homes where even holiday brightness often cannot knife the clouds. His only reward: the heart lift such as the one that came once at an institution for those afflicted with speech disorders when a tot who never had uttered a sound approached him whispering "Santa!" (For an account of activities of another "Santa Claus Rotarian," see page 28.)

**At Home.** Any weekday morning in Dover, Del., you can be at home with a Rotarian couple just by twisting the dial of your radio to the local station. It's the "Mr. and Mrs." program, and the "Mr. and Mrs." are ROTARIAN AND MRS. OLIVER SMITH. ROTARIAN SMITH holds the YMCA classification in the Dover Rotary Club. They stage a chatty informal program which holds listeners by its hominess.

**Rotarian Honors.** R. C. CHEN, of Taipei, China, general manager of the Bank of China, has received an honorary doctorate of laws from Colorado College, his alma mater in the U.S.A. . . . ROBERT



Andree

G. ANDREE, of Brookline, Mass., local high-school headmaster, has just completed a sabbatical year as a Fulbright Fellow in The Netherlands, where his duties included activities as a teacher, consultant, and student of problems in Dutch edu-



In this bookrack is the story of Sol H. Blank, whose autobiographical work covers his 89 years of life. The author, shown here with the binders holding 57 chapters, is an honorary member of the Mount Carmel, Ill., Rotary Club. He was a merchant for over 40 years.

ver Rotarians that ROTARIAN PETERSON was able to give away 500 such trophies (at his own expense) during his term. His bell-ringing project is still recalled by visitors and members alike.

Neat Trek. A century ago, when the U. S. West was wilder, the creak and rattle of the covered wagon were familiar sounds around what is now Brackettville, Tex., the site of a famous old cavalry fort. Recently the clomp of hooves and the jolt of wagons were heard again in those parts. With its old fort now converted into a guest ranch, Brackettville has become a location for the making of Western motion pictures by Hollywood companies. As a publicity device, the producers of a recent film decided on a covered-wagon train to travel from Brackettville to San Antonio 120 miles away, where the picture was to have its *première*. For the trail boss, the studio looked no further than the Mayor of Brackettville—ROTARIAN JAMES T. SHAHAN. Organizing his wagon train, ROTARIAN SHAHAN tapped that reservoir of fellowship, his own Rotary Club. Ten Brackettville Rotarians started out with their townsmen in two buggies and three covered wagons, and on 90 horses. By the time the wagon train had reached the end of its neat trek—San Antonio—four and a half days later, it had picked up more "settlers" for a total of some 200 folk.

**Rotary Time.** A few weeks ago the President of the Rotary Club of Newport, Ark., ARNOLD B. FELLOWS, remarked to RAY O. FANN, a Newport Rotarian, that the Club needed a clock at its meeting place. ROTARIAN FANN, a jeweler, took up the matter with JAMES GRAHAM, a banker whose hobby is wood-working. Collaborating, the men soon presented their Club with a plywood Rotary cogwheel—which tells time. The emblem—16 inches across—has hands that point to 12 of the 24 gear teeth, numbered as hours of the day.

**Switch.** It's unusual for a Rotarian to get up in meeting and plead with the membership for someone—*anyone*—to be absent. But it happens in the Rotary Club of Lake Elsinore, Calif. Sounds like monkey business? It is. The monkey in the case is a small spider mon-



R. O. Tary and his host, Lake Elsinore Rotarian Sidney Gardner (see item).

DECEMBER, 1955

## A Handclasp for 'Dick' Hedke

*Red roses for the living, and handclasps warm and true,  
A heart that's turned to giving, and strength to dare and do. . . .*

**T**HOSE familiar lines from *The Rotary Spirit* were rededicated in 1946 by popular poet Edgar A. Guest to his fellow Detroit Rotarian International President Richard C. Hedke.

Recently Rotarian Guest again penned a poetic tribute to Past President Hedke. On hand to hear it were scores of Rotarians (including 1955-56 International President A. Z. Baker) and business associates offering their "roses for the living and handclasps warm and true" to a man much beloved.

The occasion was Dick Hedke's retirement from active business. He was completing 48 years of service with the Eaton Chemical and Dye-stuff Company, the oldest industrial company in the highly industrialized State of Michigan.

As vice-president and general manager from 1920 until 1951, and as executive vice-president since then, Richard Hedke ably led the institution, winning respect and affection from employees and competitors. His community service work (Board of Education, Tuberculosis Society, Boy Scouts, Civic Opera, and many more) won him the gratitude of his neighbors.

Representatives of his wide community joined his business associates in the Detroit Athletic Club to say "Thank you." Toastmaster for the dinner was W. Thompson Tambke, his successor as executive vice-president of the company. An old friend, the Reverend Milton H. Bank, D.D., gave the invocation. The Eaton Company president, Berrien Eaton, spoke in the firm's behalf. To tell of his work in the chemical industry and his associational work were Dow Chemical Company President Leland I. Doan and W. B. Appleby, of the Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation; Mr. Appleby

presented him with an award for distinguished service. Speaking for the Salvation Army was Lieutenant Colonel T. M. Larsen, divisional commander and a Rotarian.

For Rotary International the speaker was the world's ranking Rotarian,



Richard C. Hedke (right) receives from Rotary's President, A. Z. Baker, a framed copy of Edgar Guest's poetic tribute Rotarian Dick Hedke.

President A. Z. Baker, just returned from his strenuous visit to Africa and Europe (see page 6).

For all his friends and well-wishers, both in the dining room and far beyond it, Dick Hedke's fellow Rotarian "Eddie" Guest summed up the general feeling gracefully:

*Welcome warm is his to own  
Here at home and far away,  
Doors for him are open thrown  
Everywhere Dick may stay.*

*First with comfort to appear,  
Thoughtful of another's need,  
Through his brilliant career  
Brotherhood has been his creed.*

*That this world will be bettered  
For high service time he'll find,  
To the aims of Rotary  
He has given his heart and mind.*

*What of Dick tonight to say?  
What of him in praise to tell?  
How to him full tribute pay,  
Who has used his time so well?*

*Smiles for all occasions glad,  
Gentle pity for our tears,  
What a privilege we've had  
Who have known him down the years!*

key, dubbed "R. O. Tary," and he is the "prize"—or price—for nonattendance. The nonattender gets him (see photo) and keeps him until someone else misses a meeting. Now, a monkey is not something to be ignored; he cannot be put out with the dog and fed scraps; he must be caged in the house, kept clean, and fed principally bananas and peanuts—all reasons why sometimes in the Rotary Club of Lake Elsinore you'll hear a fervent plea for someone to miss a meeting.

**Follow-Through.** To remove any doubt as to justification of his membership in THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-In-One Club (see page 56, THE ROTARIAN for January,

1955), GERALD N. PEARCE, of Bronson, Mich., has done it again—at the Coldwater Country Club. He drove 165 yards from tee to cup.

**Club Greeter.** Month after month Rotary adds new Clubs and this rejoices the hearts of Rotarians everywhere. But AARON J. ARONSON, of Rochester, N. Y., does more than rejoice; he writes them letters. The fact is that since 1934 he has written 5,061 letters to new Rotary Clubs throughout the world extending his personal welcome into Rotary to them. But here is the amazing thing: ROTARIAN ARONSON has had 4,000 replies, a percentage that would turn polling agencies green with envy.

## Christmas Adventure

[Continued from page 23]

more than 12 natives of any one country are included in any one year. In this way more countries are represented. In recent "adventures" Thailanders, Indians, Chinese, and Filipinos made up almost a third of the list of visitors, with Germany, France, Egypt, and Greece also heavily represented. Each student, or his school or some local organization, must pay transportation to and from East Lansing. Ten days in Michigan cost \$85, but "scholarships" often cover all or nearly all of this. Ford Motor Company, General Motors, Michigan Bell Telephone, the UAW-CIO, women's clubs, men's service clubs, church groups, and individuals contribute about \$5,000 in sums ranging from one dollar to \$750 to finance these

"scholarships." The University makes up the difference of about \$1,000. If a student can afford to pay his own expenses, he is urged to do so.

The young men and women meet on the East Lansing campus about December 22, and are briefed on American customs and on what to expect. An American-born student volunteer from Michigan State is assigned as "trip host" or hostess to each group of ten, keeps an eye on them as they move from home to home and community to community. These American students pay their own way, give up holidays at home.

The visitors often afford small communities their first experience with natives of other countries. Usually the Farm Bureau, the local P.T.A., or service club serves as coördinator, plans special entertainment. The visit often ends with a community pot-luck supper in school or Grange hall and each visiting

student is called on to speak. Nearly always, some time later in the school year the foreign students are invited back for week-ends. Often they invite themselves and turn up grinning, ready to give a hand driving the tractor, filling the woodbox, or helping with the dishes. Most of these friendships endure through letters after the student returns to his own home.

One day last Spring, Mrs. Bill Hasenbank, who lives on a farm five miles east of the village of Freesoll, Michigan, glanced at the foreign stamp on a letter just delivered, and hurried to call her husband from the barnyard.

"Another letter from Ishwa!" she exclaimed. They tore it open and began to read eagerly. "Ishwa" is Ishwarbhai A. Petal, a Hindu from Chikhodra, Bombay State, India. A student of chemistry at Michigan State two years ago, he had been the Hasenbanks' guest, had re-

## Singapore Sidelights

ON THE 27-mile-long island of Singapore is a village of special concern to 181 men. The village is Ponggol; the men are members of the 25-year-old Rotary Club of Singapore. Not long ago the Rotary Club "adopted" this village, setting as its goal improved living conditions and better health for the villagers. Now results of this sponsorship are being seen, among them a new school and community center recently opened. The school has three teachers and nearly 100 students, and evening classes for adults were scheduled to start soon.

While raising funds for this village—a motion-picture show netted \$1,300 (Ma-

layan) alone—the Rotary Club of Singapore has kept several of its other projects moving toward completion. One is the building of the first unit of a convalescent home for children (see photo) for the Singapore Children's Society, its purpose being "to give that little extra care and nursing that puts sick youngsters on the road to health." Singapore Rotary's contribution to this dormitory will total \$25,000 (Malayan), and to raise it the Club has held a grand ball, a beauty contest, and a motion-picture premiere.

Other Rotary work of this island Club includes the operation of a Student Loan Fund, an annual Christmas party for 500

needy children, the maintenance of a "Sunshine Box" for helping the underprivileged, aiding the blind, and promoting The Four-Way Test through distribution of Test plaques.

A Rotary avenue of service the Singapore Club constantly travels is the international field, for there, as Leslie Rayner, the Club President, points out, "our unique geographical position and the racial composition of our community enable us to promote goodwill by being hospitable to the people of all nations continually passing through our city, and by fostering good fellowship among the different nationalities that make up our own citizenry."



Singapore-New Zealand ties draw closer as A. Thevathasan (right), 1954-55 Singapore Club President, presents to a local museum a painting donated by Fred Hall-Jones, of Invercargill, New Zealand, Past Rotary International Governor.



A proud moment for Singapore Rotarians comes as this foundation stone for a children's home is laid. Next to stone are Leslie Rayner (left), Singapore Club President, and the Commissioner General for Southeast Asia, Malcolm MacDonald.



turned to the farm again and again, many times bringing other Hindus with him. When he went home to Asia, the Hasenbanks say "it was like saying good-by to one of our own."

This letter was full of pleasant chit-chat about the young chemist's family in India, but there also were serious passages about the economic situation and the difficulty of getting a job. That night the Hasenbank family sat at the oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen and discussed Ishwa's problems with a clear understanding of conditions in Hindu lands.

The visitors, whatever their religious belief—Buddhist, Islamic, Greek Orthodox—usually join their Protestant or Catholic hosts at Christmas church services. Afterward they often talk about religion. Many Michigan farmers and villagers, after such exchanges of views, are convinced that there is not a great deal of difference in the basic concepts of religion everywhere.

"Strange religions are more like our own than we ever suspected," the wife of a village mechanic said to me. "We are Congregationalists. The Buddhists and Moslems who have stayed with us have their own holy books, but we all seem to agree with each other about what is good and what is bad."

The farmer or small-town dweller who opens his home to a student does not know until the party arrives the nationality, color, or creed of his particular guest. Several times Jewish hosts have found themselves giving shelter to Arabs. Introductions sometimes have been strained, but before the visits ended the Jew and Moslem have discovered that despite long-fostered hatreds on Jordan's winding shore, they could find nothing to hate and much to admire in each other.

Most students carry cameras to record their experiences and are particularly proud of the snapshots that show them driving a tractor, doing housework, or trying to milk a cow. One high-caste Indian lad exclaimed: "The picture of me milking *must* be good. My family will not believe it. For generations no member of the family would consider doing such work. Yet I find here that work with the hands is not demeaning. Here even owners of great farms do what you call the chores!"

In the village of Mesick, a young Iraqi boy, after attending Sunday school, church, a Farm Bureau luncheon, and a program by the P.T.A., went with his fellow students to a community meeting in the high-school auditorium in the near-by village of Buckley. Asked for his impressions, he launched forth enthusiastically.

"One thing interests me most. In the home where I stayed yesterday is the charming young daughter of my host.



Trimming a tree is Japanese student Koji Shimazu, enrolled at Notre Dame University. His hosts: the Lewis Loniers, of Lansing, Mich., whose children give him a hand.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon I see her working in the barnyard. She wears overalls and boots. At 8 o'clock this same night she wears beautiful, expensive attire. She has the lipstick and cosmetic. She is beautiful. And she is hostess for a large party of young people. I know now what democracy means."

As one drops in on communities with past experience in entertaining "adventurers"—towns like Sherman, New Era, Ludington, Manistee, and Kaleva—families get out treasured letters bearing exotic stamps, and proudly read aloud the latest news of equally obscure communities in Brazil, Iran, the Gold Coast, Pakistan, or Greece. A doctor, several teachers, a retired Pullman porter, a grocer, a village editor, a machinist's wife, a judge, and many farmers all talked enthusiastically to this reporter about how much these visits had meant to them, how the contacts had opened wider understandings of the world.

After a few days on the farms and in small towns, busses pick up the adventurers and carry them back to the campus. From there, following another briefing, they set out again, this time to discover something about Americans in industry. In the Detroit area they visit manufacturing plants and see automobile assembly lines, are entertained at luncheons, first by management, then by the labor unions. Each student also goes home to dinner with a company executive one evening, another with a plant worker.

After the students return to the University, a series of discussions stresses the fact that despite flare-ups and strikes, both management and labor try to seek agreement by peaceful means. And no responsible leader of either side wants to change the basic concepts of democracy.

One Italian student was a guest in the home of a small-town newspaper editor. The editor introduced him up and down Main Street to citizens of all kinds and conditions. On his last afternoon he stood in the living room, staring moodily out of the picture window at the pleasant village street.

"One thing you do not show me," he challenged at last. "You keep hidden from me the homes of the working class!"

"Take a look," the editor pointed. "In that house with the flower garden lives a man who works at a machine at the basket factory. Next door—and you see that the houses are about the same size and style—lives the president of the bank. Just beyond is the Lutheran minister's home. Next that is a rural mail carrier. To the left of our house lives the man who drives the village trash truck. On the other side is our probate judge."

The editor led the unbelieving young Italian up and down the block, introduced him to the neighbors, explained how each made his living. The lad saw that their houses, inside and out, were much alike, and that the trash collector and the judge drove cars of the same make and age. "The kid's not going to be a soft touch for Communist propaganda when he gets home," the editor says.

Last year 300 Michigan homes had 254 young people from far away as overnight guests and 300 other homes entertained them at meals. Seventy schools, 20 men's service clubs, 15 women's clubs, 27 Farm Bureaus . . . a total of 162 different organizations sponsored public programs on which the students appeared. More than 32,000 citizens from 40 of Michigan's 83 counties attended these gatherings.

Among the Rotary Clubs assisting the

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Adventures at various times are those in Lansing, Battle Creek, Rockford, Ludington, Algonac, Clinton, Artonville, Richmond, Mount Clemens, Manistee, and Baldwin. Twice groups of students have been taken to Legonier, Indiana, under sponsorship of local Rotarians.

Some 750 foreign students have taken part in the Michigan program since it started seven years ago. But there are more than 30,000 foreign students en-

rolled each year in American colleges and universities. And although many schools have programs to help these students get acquainted in the community, not nearly enough of them meet nearly enough Americans. If every young man or woman from abroad studying here had the opportunity offered by Michigan State, international relationships would be on a firmer foundation.

## Flood Relief Flows On

**W**HILE the U. S. Northeast was still digging itself out in the wake of the costliest flood in the nation's history (see *To the Aid of the Stricken*, *THE ROTARIAN* for November), the rains came again to this battered area, swelling rivers and streams and wreaking destruction anew. Many towns in this flood belt—sections of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—faced a clean-up job for the second time in less than two months.

A similar catastrophe befell the east coast of Mexico near Tampico in about the same period, two storms smiting the area and leaving many dead and hundreds homeless.

As the rivers of the U. S. East began to drop back, relief measures were intensified by Government agencies, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and many other organizations, with Rotary Clubs again helping to meet critical needs. As reported earlier, Rotary help following the first flood came from Clubs near-by and distant. Since then, these additional instances of Rotary aid have been learned:

In Stroudsburg, Pa., where Hurricane Diane left hundreds without homes, businesses, or jobs, the part Rotary played in meeting the emergency inspired Donald B. Corson, a Stroudsburg Rotarian, to report:

"During the flood and the ensuing reconstruction period, Rotary Clubs in Pennsylvania and neighboring States organized drives to collect food and clothing, household furnishings, and other necessities for the

victims in this town. Other Clubs sent money. One contribution came to us from the Rotary Club in Stroud, England. Locally, Rotarians gave unstintingly of their time and effort serving in Red Cross centers, administering health programs, ministering to the sick, and doing countless other self-imposed duties. It was heart-warming to realize that when the chips are down, brotherly love and Service above Self are two of the most urgent appeals to man."

In donating \$2,000 to the Rotary Club of Waterbury, Conn., the Mount Kisco, N. Y., Rotary Club sent six members to present the check to Clark C. Smith, President of Waterbury Rotary. Part of the fund was raised by local firemen, who burned down a condemned building and then turned over the \$500 given them by the owner for the job. In accepting the Mount Kisco check, President Smith remarked that "It's unbelievable that a 39-man Club could raise so much money in such a short time."

Other Rotary contributions to flood relief include the following: the New York Clubs of Monticello, Livingston Manor, and Liberty sent \$500 to the Rotary Club of Port Jervis, N. Y.; Wethersfield, Conn., donated \$925 to a combined emergency fund; Palmyra, Pa., gave \$125 to the Red Cross; Oakland, Calif., earmarked \$1,140 for a Rotary Club in the damaged area; Providence, R. I., donated \$200 to Rotary in Putnam, Conn., and \$300 to a relief organization in Woonsocket, R. I.; and Newton, Mass., and Sherbrooke, Que., Canada, sent contributions quickly.



# Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,  
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

## Obligation of the Individual

C. A. ROBISON, *Rotarian*  
Junior High-School Principal  
Mount Pleasant, Texas

Individual Rotarians have a heavy obligation to help close the widening gap between science and society. There is not time enough to await group action. Only individuals can raise ethical standards, and no group can develop spiritual understanding. The Golden Rule is well known in theory, but its practice has awaited group action. This approach must be abandoned and individuals who are willing must advance ahead of this age, carrying with them the principle of doing unto others as they would have them do unto them.

## Ideals Like the Stars

J. CLEVE ALLEN, *Rotarian*  
Insurance Underwriter  
Coral Gables, Florida

Ideals, as you have often heard, are like the stars. Although we may never reach them, we may always have the benefit of their light. Let us be careful then to maintain the high standards of Rotary so that the lights of our ideals may never be dimmed, but may always shine brightly as a beacon of hope for all mankind. None of us knows exactly what the future holds, but we can mold tomorrow by the things we do today if we benefit by the experiences of the past.

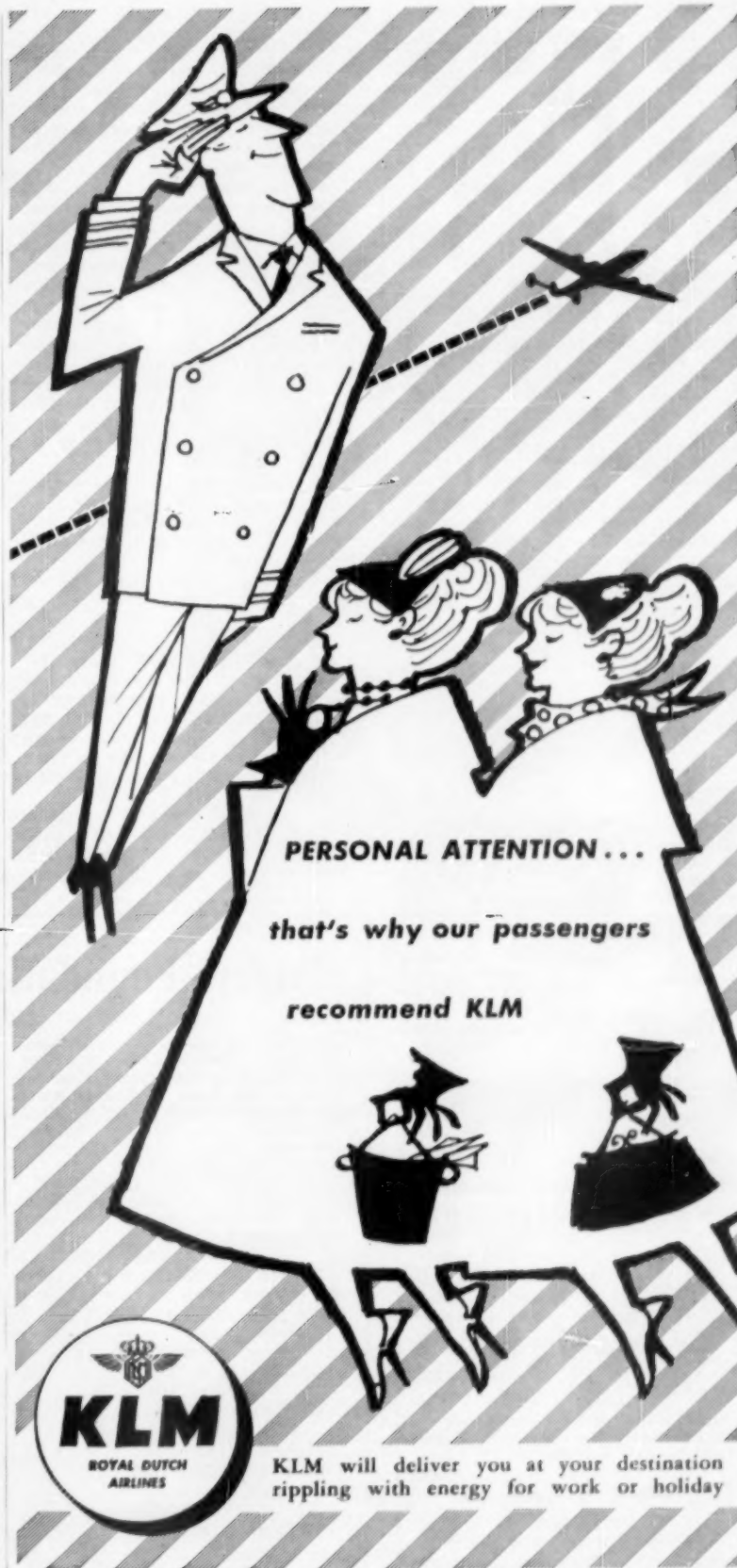
Rotary now has 50 years of experience upon which we can build the future. Let us plan so well that we shall not merely drift toward an indefinite future, but that we can help create the conditions that will be most beneficial to all.—  
*From an address before Conference of Rotary District 243.*

## Re: The Rotary Wheel

DWIGHT L. HULSE, *Rotarian*  
Manufacturers' Agent  
Arcadia, California

To me Rotary has a deep spiritual side and the more I see of Rotarians and hear of Rotary, the firmer my conviction becomes. The Rotary emblem reminds me that at the hub is God, from where the power of life for all living things is derived. From the hub emanates six spokes. Each is placed in an exact position so the wheel will be in balance and rotate smoothly on its axis.


The first spoke is Truth. Our Master has said, "Know the truth and it shall make you free." The second spoke is Love. The world would, indeed, be cold and barren if we did not feel love for our fellowman. The third spoke is Service. It's in "Service above Self" that we forget self. Charity is the fourth spoke. We are only stewards for material



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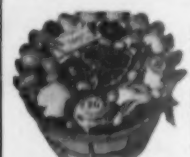
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things on our earthly journey. The fifth spoke is Tolerance. Patient tolerance of strong men will overwhelm bigotry, snobbery, selfishness, and hate. The sixth spoke is Action. We will put our minds and our hearts to work, that we may accomplish our assigned tasks with dispatch and efficiency.

These six spokes support the rim. It has no beginning or end—therefore endless. And so it is with man's desire to build a better world in which to live, to work, and to worship in harmony with his fellowmen. The rim supports the cogs—the gears—you and me—and as the wheel revolves, each cog is vital to the whole. Each cog, in turn, must meet the test of strength in character, in action, and in service, so that the driven wheel revolves inexorably in forward motion. — *Excerpted from High Gear, publication of the Rotary Club of Arcadia, California.*

#### Elders Should Be Example

ALFRED A. BENESCH, Rotarian  
Finance Director, Plastics Company  
Cleveland, Ohio

It is perhaps a mere truism to say that juvenile delinquency results from lack of respect for authority—the authority of the home, the church, the school, and the law. I sometimes wonder, therefore, whether the requisite incentive for the respect is present in the home itself, and whether children are not influenced to a measureable extent by the conduct of parents who are often woefully lacking in a proper respect for the law.

The brazen defiance of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States outlawing segregation in the public schools, the denunciation of the Su-

preme Court by one of our State Governors who disagreed with the Court's decision, and the increasing criticism of our courts by many of our disgruntled citizens—all these incidents are hardly calculated to set a wholesome example for the younger generation.

I believe it is one of the functions of Rotary to light the pathway—to show by the exemplary conduct of its members that the law is to be honored in its observance and not in its breach, and that we can hardly expect the youth of the land to have due regard for authority unless their elders do likewise.

#### Re: 'Service above Self'

C. R. GOPAL, Rotarian  
Chemist and Druggist  
Nellore, India

The Hindu philosophy says "That thou art." Interpreted, it means you are a part and parcel of the Great Being. So, realize that you are divine, that you are pure and perfect. See yourself reflected in your neighbor. Own his joys and sorrows. Respect him and serve him. By so serving your neighbor you are serving not only yourself but also the Great God. This ideal of service, this "Service above Self," is the essence and philosophy of all religions, of all politics, of all economics, of all business, of all Rotary.



Gopal

Eds. NOTE: Inadvertently the above photo of Rotarian Gopal was used with an item by Rotarian Suren Gopal, of Bangalore, India, in THE ROTARIAN for August. We deeply regret the error.

## Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE the report in the November issue of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 28 additional Clubs had at presstime become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 4,307. As of October 15, 1955, \$57,116 had been received since July 1, 1955. The latest contributors (with membership) are:

**AUSTRALIA**  
Wyong (30); Lithgow (40); Victor Harbour (35).

**BELGIUM**  
Turnhout (26).

**CANADA**  
Chilliwack, B. C. (60).

**COLOMBIA**  
Girardot (21).

**DENMARK**  
Nyborg (32).

**FINLAND**  
Tornio (26).

**ICELAND**  
Keflavik (29).

**INDIA**  
Darbhanga (25).

**ITALY**  
Ravenna (38).

**JAPAN**  
Tokyo East (22); Tokyo West (23).

**MEXICO**  
Tijuana (54).

**NEW ZEALAND**  
Waipawa (30).

**NORWAY**  
Kirkenes (31).

**PERU**  
Cuzco (47).

**UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA**  
Bloemfontein (38).

**UNITED STATES**  
Buffalo, Minn. (23); Victoria, Tex. (77); Warren, Ark. (56); Southside Corpus Christi, Tex. (22); Winterset, Iowa (36); Rice Lake, Wis. (46); Huntingdon, Tenn. (23); Middletown, R. I. (45); Riviera Beach, Fla. (26); Dresden, Tenn. (39).



## If I Were a Producer

[Continued from page 18]

primary function of the producer is to entertain and to amuse. However, it is an inescapable fact that the subject matter of a movie or play deals with moral problems, with the choice of alternate courses of action on the part of the characters, with the consequences and complications that follow upon the choice, with the motivations of human behavior, with good and evil, right and wrong.

Consequently, I would be mindful of the fact that what I produce may have an effect for good or for bad upon the audience, especially the youth. I would be particularly concerned with the treatment of subjects dealing with sex, violence, and crime, areas where one has to reckon with the suggestibility of the audience. I would remember that the minds of the youth are malleable and susceptible to influence, that their emotions are easily aroused, that they incline to identify themselves with the characters portrayed. The effect of movies dealing with these subjects on the morals of youth has been studied by social scientists, judges, clergymen, prison wardens, and others.

Opinions vary, some holding that the improper and overexciting treatment of these subjects produces harmful effects upon youth, and some maintaining that factors other than the movie are primarily responsible for crime and immoral behavior. In view of the great increase in recent years in the number of crimes committed by youth, I would exercise special care in dealing with these areas of emotional excitation in the belief that there is a reasonable presumption in favor of the opinion that if they are not wisely handled, they may serve as a contributory factor to juvenile delinquency. I would therefore seek to avoid the kind of treatment of these subjects which in 1934 created widespread indignation and a demand for censorship of the movies. Censorship is not a desirable phenomenon because it is not in the spirit of the American tradition of freedom. Instead, I would voluntarily impose upon myself the same high standards of integrity and quality expected of any man engaged in production in any industry whose commodities are used by the public. I would actively encourage and empower the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America to exercise to the full their responsibility and authority to provide genuine and effective self-regulation in the motion-picture industry, in accordance with the provision in the certificate of incorporation, "by establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards in motion-picture production."

In my desire to equip myself as thor-

## A Christmas Card

## To Our Readers



Peace on earth to men of goodwill was first given to the world as a universal blessing at the scene of the first Christmas. After the passage of over nineteen hundred years, the message, intensified and strengthened with each passing century, carries both a hope and a challenge to brothers of all faiths.

Inherent in the precepts of Rotary is a vigorous faith in these age-old ideals; with the breath of life there is breathed into every man a spirit of forgiveness, a desire to befriend, and the aspiration to live honorably.

Thus the Spirit of Christmas is a natural manifestation of the heart of man. It can be translated into our everyday actions; it can be practiced in the affairs of nations. The gifts we give, the words we say, the thoughts we think, express the essential goodness in man and his eternal faith that humanity marches ever upward.

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oughly as possible for the rôle of a producer, I would study what the great thinkers throughout the ages have written on the nature and purpose of art. I would become familiar in particular with Aristotle's views on this subject for his insights and analysis are fundamental to a critical appreciation of creative art. Realizing that in my vocation I am

## If I Were a Clergyman

[Continued from page 19]

functions and to periodic tea-drinkings, and usually then only as an obligation. If members don't attend church as often as they should, they send their children to soak up what they can of his good influence, yet those children are doubtless discerning enough to notice that their parents don't think enough of him to entertain him in their homes.

If I were a clergyman, then, I think I would refuse to take all this lying down. And I would pray for strength—

Strength to be honest in my approach to the people who look to me for help and guidance; strength to do my work with dignity and to listen to problems with sympathy; strength to be diplomatic, charming, "regular," firm, kind, jolly, and happy—at the right times; strength to be wise, patient, strong, and steadfast, and to use the benefits of my education wisely and well.

But strength also, when confronted with the remark, "That's not the way our old minister did things," to affirm my entity as an individual human being; strength to shun diplomacy with the trustees if they are mistaken or dog-

dealing with the youngest of the arts, I would turn for inspiration and guidance to the masters of the older arts. I would find an inspiring goal for my work in the words of Tolstoy: "Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen."

matic; strength to be less charming than honest with the ladies if they forget their good intentions; strength to refrain from overdoing the "pal" act with the young people; strength to understand wrongdoers, to be firm and therefore helpful with the weak, to avoid an excess of earthiness with the men's group if it is unnatural for me; and the strength to allow myself to be desperately unhappy if I have good reason to be.

Most of all, I would pray for strength to teach my congregation that despite my calling or my collar, my piety or my preaching, my wisdom or my windiness, I am nearly as human as they; that I too would like to have a reasonably normal social life; and that I too have problems and hopes and ambitions and disappointments.

Perhaps I wouldn't be a very successful clergyman. Perhaps I would find that I should have done my work in the expected way, accepting the inescapable penalties along with the small rewards of a job partly done. Somehow, though, I have the feeling that I would succeed; that an honest approach to the human relations part of my work would be accepted at face value; that it would pay off, in personal satisfaction, in duty well done, and in real accomplishment.

## Meditation Amid the Merchandise

INCREASINGLY throughout the business world, men and women are turning to a moment's contemplation of the Infinite in moments torn from the day's hurly-burly—a moment that heals inner aches. Increasingly companies and industries are setting aside special meditation rooms for this purpose. The latest, and thought to be the first department store to do so, is the J. B. Ivey Company, of Charlotte, North Carolina. There George M. Ivey and his son, George M. Ivey, Jr., both members of the Rotary Club of Charlotte, have constructed in their store a small, nonsectarian meditation room for both customers and employees. A rose window, a Bible, drapes and carpeting in the gray



tones, decor in colonial white, build the sense of a peaceful oasis which measures eight by nine feet with a seating capacity of eight. An average of some 300 persons a week slip into the quiet sanctum for a moment of meditation.

## Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

coöperation and ability to work together is the more striking when it is taken into account that the parts fitting into this wheel were made in every zone of the earth having a city large enough for a Rotary Club, except the Arctic, in every hemisphere, on every continent, the islands of the sea—by 35 different nations and by representatives of every one of the five races of man.

### An Act of Kindness Recalled

By HUGH FEATHERSTON, Tobacco Mfr.  
President, Rotary Club  
Chacao, Venezuela

It was a pleasant surprise to open the pages of *THE ROTARIAN* for September and read in *The Henry Story* of the results of the activities of the Rotary Club of Lynchburg, Virginia, 35 years later. Thanks to a Student Loan Fund of the Lynchburg Rotary Club I was able to finish my education at the University of Virginia. It was largely through the kindness of the same Rotarian who served as legal guardian of the Henry children, the late John B. Winfree, that this money was made available to me.

Since graduating from the University of Virginia in 1929 I have lived in San José, Costa Rica, where I was a member of the Rotary Club, and at the present time I am President of the Rotary Club of Chacao. Even though I never belonged to a Rotary Club in North America, I am most happy with my association with Rotary in North, South, and Central America.

Whenever a student program is proposed here, I think of what the plan of the Lynchburg Rotary Club meant to me. I feel gratified that our Club was the first in Venezuela to become a 100 percent contributor to the Rotary Foundation, and our candidate is now enjoying one of the Foundation Fellowships. One of our projects this year is to make scholarships available locally.

### Footnoting 'Age of Sloppiness'

By ROBERT F. SMITH, Rotarian  
Clergyman

Pittsford, New York

[Re: Is This the Age of Sloppiness?, by Dr. Leland Miles, *THE ROTARIAN* for August.]

Where beauty is a standard, where perfection is a standard, where contribution to the well-being of mankind is a standard, there can be no sloppiness. These are God's standards for parents as they undertake the creative task of raising children, for the engineer as he approaches the creative task of bridging a river, and for you and me in whatever task our days may lay before us.

Not long ago the telephone man worked at our house. He had to fasten a wire quite a long distance along the shingles. It was one of the hottest afternoons of the Summer. Nevertheless, he took great time and patience to wind and cover that entire wire with white tape. When asked why, he replied,



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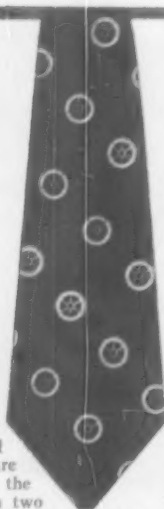
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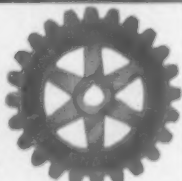
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"Your white house would look terrible with black wire strung across it, so I wound it all with white tape." Here was a lineman thinking of beauty and perfection as well as his telephones, which contribute to the well-being of mankind.

To be able to step back from the thing you do and find a joy in the accomplishment and a satisfaction in its integrity is more important than the daily bread that is won by it.

### Re: Singing in Rotary

By JOSEPH W. CARR, Rotarian  
Insurance Underwriter  
Wellington, New Zealand

I heartily endorse the statement made by Rotarian Clint R. Willson, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in *THE ROTARIAN* for July under the heading "When Song Leaders Get Together" [*Your Letters*, page 11]. He expresses his conviction that "singing contributes much to a Rotary meeting."

As a charter member and Secretary of the Rotary Club of Wellington, I acted as accompanist for 32 years and also on occasions as song leader, and although opinion was divided as to the inclusion of singing at the weekly luncheons, the practice has continued from the start and the majority agree that a suitable chorus helps to foster the right atmosphere of good fellowship. It has been our custom for many years to join in a welcome chorus to our visitors. The text of the song at present in use is as follows (words and music by the writer):

*Hello! Hello! here we are again,  
Hello! Hello! join in our refrain.  
Here we weekly gather Rotary friends to  
greet and the welcome stranger  
Cordially to greet.  
We'll hear a while the speaker for the day,  
Perchance for some there may be fines to pay,  
Whence you come or whose'er you be,  
Hello! Hello! Hello!*

The words and music are available for any Club interested by communicating with me at P. O. Box 1290, Wellington, New Zealand.

### Approval for Bilingual Idea

From WILLIAM MAYER, Rotarian  
Brewery-Supplies Distributor  
Mexico City, Mexico

May I add a voice of approval to the project being carried on by the Rotary Club of Miami Beach, Florida, as detailed in *Juan y Maria—The Bilingual Kids*, by Richard Powell Carter [*The Rotarian* for September].

In everyday life he who masters one or more languages discovers new horizons, whether he be a businessman, an industrialist, a professional man, a politician, or a writer. His mind grasps vaster impressions which are useful to him throughout his life. Therefore, the Rotarian who wants to further Rotary's fourth avenue of service and be a good fellow to Rotarians of other nations will find that it is useful, not to say essential, to be able to talk to them in their own language. Only thus can there exist real understanding and a closer friendship.

My suggestion is that each Rotarian who is head of a family insist that his

children speak at least one language outside of their own. They will be forever grateful to him for this, for it will open to them the road to further successes, and, furthermore, they will be able to become ambassadors of Rotary in countries that speak other languages, in this way helping to promote international understanding, goodwill, and peace.

### Fine for Sleeping

Reports R. CHAS. ALDEN, Farmer  
Secretary, Rotary Club  
Los Banos, California

I am sure the answer of Los Banos Rotarians to the question *What about Those Club Fines?* [*The Rotarian* for July] would be "We think fines are fine—and fun!" Our fellows don't mind



*A little rest. Then a little Club fine.*

coming through with what the fine master requests—even though it be for sleeping during a Club meeting.

For his "rest" recently, T. D. Toscano paid \$2 [see photo]. In addition he had to take a lot of kidding. But he could take both: the fine and the fun. Mixed together they provide a neat dish called fellowship.

### Fines Fine for Fellowship

Thinks GILBERT VAN BEVER, Rotarian  
Clergyman  
Jamestown, New York

I know that Rotarians differ on whether there should be fining in Rotary Clubs [see *What about Those Club Fines?*, *The Rotarian* for July, and *Your Letters* in succeeding issues], but in our Club we find fining makes for fine fellowship. Perhaps the one doing the fining is the key to its success or failure. In our Club our beloved Sergeant at Arms, Grant Mahoney, takes care of the fine business, and does it so well that I was moved to put "my views in verse form when I presented him recently at one of our meetings:

*Oh day of wrath, your sting is gone  
For us poor souls, unblessed, forlorn;  
For judgment comes each Monday noon  
To us who hear Mahoney's doom.*

*No secret sins escape his ken,  
Who makes informers of good men;  
And even virtues gather fines  
When justice stoops to his low lines.*

*Yet, since Mahoney's winsome smile  
Shines out upon us even while  
He tells our faults and castigates  
And publishes our wretched fates,*

*We have such pleasure in his wrath  
We laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh.*

THE ROTARIAN



## A Destiny in Africa

[Continued from page 12]

to present the charters to the first Club in three of them—Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo, Blantyre-Limbe in Nyasaland, and Addis Ababa in Ethiopia. The new Rotary Club of Luanda in Angola had not been admitted to membership when we passed near it. Already there are two more Clubs in the Congo: in Elisabethville and Bukavu.

What an opportunity these and the many other new Clubs of Africa have. They can play a large part in developing the human and material resources of their communities and their countries. They can help to raise the standards of business and add prestige to the rôle of the businessman who, even though he may deserve it, does not always receive it. They can lead and direct and help in every enterprise for the good of their lands, and in spreading an understanding of their own and neighboring cultures. Looking at Africa they will see—they do see!—its vast resources of Nature and humanity and the many ways by which they can develop them.

In many places, where Rotary is fairly new, governmental officials are active or honorary members of Rotary Clubs. Others who know little of it nevertheless honor our organization by attending affairs for the visitors from abroad. They are usually surprised and pleased that the gatherings should bring together the leading citizens of the communities seeking nothing of each other but friendship.

In Egypt young Gamal Nasser, the Premier, spoke fluently and in English of the understanding Egypt needs from other lands, of his esteem for Rotary, of his plans for the further development of agriculture along the Nile and the improvement of Egyptian communities, and of his own hope of finding the right ways to lead his country into the future. Later he autographed and sent a book he has written to our hotel, a much appreciated gesture from a man in a difficult rôle in a country at the important point where East and West meet. Beautiful and cultured Alexandria, with its busy port and long wharves skirting the crescent of the harbor and lined on the other side by stately hotels and homes, will hold an attraction for us and all others who visit it.

Rotary has a destiny in Africa! So many big and little things indicate it. Some are the harvest of Rotary service, directly, indirectly, or remotely rendered by Rotary Clubs or Rotarians alone, or in cooperation with others; some are only opportunities for service.

In the Belgian Congo, Rotary is something new, but already it is bringing together in a friendly atmosphere the

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leading men of all businesses and professions, Government officials, and representatives of other countries. In Leopoldville, a new and modern city is being hewn out of the jungle, 300 miles from the mouth of the Congo River. Energetic health officers have driven back and are winning the continuing war against insects and disease. Rotarians are building skyscraper apartments, homes, warehouses, and offices, and carrying on an expanding trade with the interior and the outside world. The natives are industrious, clean, proud, and happy. They have demonstrated a talent for many industrial occupations and an amazing gift for wood carving, sculpture, and painting.

The Union of South Africa, with its diversity of resources, conditions, and development, has known Rotary for years, and here the destiny of Rotary, especially in Community Service, has been further advanced. Teeming Johannesburg presents a tremendous challenge in housing, recreational, and educational needs that would daunt any but Rotarians like Past Director "Dick" Currie and the Rotary Clubs of the Johannesburg area, which are energetically meeting the growing needs. The administrative capital at Pretoria with its memorial to the early pioneers is more harmonious because the Rotary Club has been instrumental in providing accommodations for natives who live and come there on public business. In Bloemfontein, the judicial capital; and neighboring towns, Rotary Clubs have made their communities more neighborly and beautiful. Capetown, the legislative capital of the Union, and a dozen other towns in the Cape district are well aware of the Rotary Clubs, particularly because of the attention given to underprivileged and handicapped children and old folks, both Europeans and natives. And in the port cities of Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, Rotary Clubs and Rotarians under the leadership of District Governor Kelsey Buchanan are active in dealing with the problems incident to their rapidly growing communities, industry, and population.

In Southern Rhodesia, Salisbury is trying to meet the needs of the concentration of Government there, and to develop and improve the educational system for Europeans and natives. We were thoughtfully provided with an automobile during our stay, with a native driver, who was as courteous, competent, punctual, and proud of his family as anyone could wish. Bulawayo, looking for all the world like a city set on the Oklahoma prairies, has a crippled-children hospital and a residential development for older people, because Past Second Vice-President Henry Low and other devoted Rotarians lived there

and have inspired the Rotary Club and others to do something. And, driving 100 miles to Gwelo, for a Rotary meeting on a Sunday, I saw fenced pastures most of the way, cowboys herding cattle on bicycles—and a cricket game on the way and still in progress as we returned.

Northern Rhodesia has two wonders—the Victoria Falls and the Copper Belt—and the Rotary Club of Livingstone finds many opportunities for cultivating understanding and goodwill with the many visitors to the Falls, particularly when they come from the lands of the Niagara, as we did, or from far-off Argentina, as did Raul Balna, of the Banfield Club, whom we met there. Rotarians of Lusaka and Ndola, in the Copper Belt, are active in developing the educational, housing, and recreational opportunities in these prosperous communities.

**I**N much publicized Kenya, Nairobi is busy providing for the needs of the peaceful, industrious natives who live and work there, and managing the commerce which converges there. District Governor Charles Mortimer explained the easier Mau Mau situation. And Phyllis Bridger, the wife of the President of the Rotary Club, is an instructor in the Rotary-sponsored St. Christopher School for retarded children. Down on the coast at Mombasa, Rotarians of many nationalities carry on extensive trade with the East and exemplify the fellowship of Rotary as they come together in weekly meetings.

In Tanganyika, the lone Rotary Club of Dar-es-Salaam plays an important part in the business and cultural life of that busy port and beautiful city.

In another new country, the Rotary Club of Addis Ababa, the capital city of Ethiopia, brings together around the friendly Rotary table men of more than a dozen nationalities, all contributing to the development of the agricultural, industrial, commercial, and human resources of that historic country; and, in so doing, fulfilling Rotary's destiny.

At the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, the Rotary Club of Khartoum, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, is active in improving its city and adjoining Omdurman, where it hopes to sponsor a Rotary Club soon; and this multinational Club enjoys the deep and approving interest of the great leader of the predominant religious community.

And Egypt is dominated by the Nile and the narrow ribbon of green along its banks, where corn and cotton and other products grow in rich abundance to feed the people and supply the trade of the country. Cairo, the city of the pyramids, although it houses the relics of the past, is a thriving, forward-

looking commercial center at the meeting place of the East and West. Rotarians are taking an active part in the modernization of the city, the extension of the usefulness of the Nile, and the development of the economic, social, cultural, and political institutions of the country. Alexandria is the chief port of Egypt, the center of culture and the home of a Rotary Club which, like its sister in Cairo, includes prominent men of many nationalities and faiths. The beauty of this gem of the Mediterranean draws people back again and again, and its influence goes far afield. The personality of District Governor Fouad Saade is felt everywhere in this District.

These are but a few of the indications of the opportunities and the achievement of Rotary's destiny in every country in the great continent of Africa.

Rotary has a destiny the world around. It cannot and does not want to work in the realm of Governments. It cannot make peace where there is war. But it can and does help warm the human climate so that peace can blossom. Simply, directly, gently, it cuts across the baffling boundaries men all over the world have raised around themselves — and quickly brings acquaintanceship and then friendship to them. It makes them feel a kinship with human beings everywhere, a part of a universal unity. This we learned again in Africa. Everywhere we went we were met by Rotarians who provided the most gracious hospitality to be found anywhere, and the most pleasant thing of all was the opportunity to be with Rotary friends.

AFTER the banquets were over and the speeches said, after the barbecues and press conferences were but dim memories, after the sight-seeing and Club meetings were simply entries in a log-book, we would hurry to the airport to move on. Whether dawn, noon, evening, or 3 o'clock in the morning, there would be a group of our new Rotary friends to say good-by. Soon the good humor, the jests, the light chatter, the little speeches, would subside and over everyone there seemed to come a kind of happy sadness.

Often I have tried to understand just what that feeling is. Is it a joy in the fact that so many people so far apart can get together and in so short a time become fast friends? Is it a sadness that we must work so hard to do it and that we can do it so rarely? Or is it a comment on the whole of humanity which wants to be kinder and friendlier than it is, and which discovers with amazement and delight a channel to become so—in our world fellowship called Rotary?

From these seeds, in this climate we are reaping a destiny in Africa.

## Where to Stay



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meetings; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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(Signed) Raymond T. Schmitz, Business Manager

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## HOBBY Hitching Post

*THE countryside around Sherman, Texas, has long been under the sharp eye of ROTARIAN LEE SIMMONS, a stock raiser whose hobby has taken him into some areas accessible only on horseback. An unusual side interest for an ex-sheriff, it is described by C. S. BOYLES, Jr., a newspaperman and fellow Rotarian.*

AFTER a long career of battling many of Texas' early-day bad men, Lee Simmons, at 78, is honoring both good men and bad who have slept for decades in forgotten weed-covered rural cemeteries spotted about this region. Lee calls these country graveyards "old eyesores," and his hobby is doing all he can to spruce up these fields.

During the Lone Star State's "wild days," around the turn of the century, Lee was a peace officer and later the manager of the Texas prison system. His job then, he'll tell you, was to match wits—and guns—with desperadoes, and he's got some chilling stories to prove that he did just that. But now he raises some stock, plays an active rôle in our town's civic life, and devotes considerable time to brightening the resting places of the forgotten dead.

"I dealt with many a bad man in my time," he says, "but all the dead are good and they deserve the best we can give them. For years I watched many of the old abandoned burial grounds become more and more desolate, and I decided to clean them up."

Perhaps many readers have never seen a back-road graveyard, though they are common in most States. They hold the remains of many American pioneers, the men and women who helped to build towns that later expanded beyond their original sites, leaving graveyards far

out in open country. As a result, these fields were no longer looked after, and that's what bothered Lee Simmons. When pressure from other of his business interests became less, he decided to do something about these patches.

First, he enlisted the aid of our local newspaper, county officials, and rural villages. He organized a County Memorial Association with no paid workers—only a sincere concern for restoring neglected plots of ground. "It took a lot of travelling and searching," he says, "and some places were even hard to reach in the saddle." Finally, after much ground had been covered, he listed 77 small cemeteries throughout the county that he described as being in a "disgraceful" condition.

Then came the big job, that of personally getting farmers and townsfolk to share his interest. He went from farm to farm, town to town, telling what he was trying to do. Almost everyone in the region had heard of this famous sheriff, and they listened. It took months, but he got action. Community clean-up projects were organized, with Lee raising prize money for those producing the best results. Graves and markers were restored, some plots got new fences, weeds were cut, and shrubs planted. "Now," Lee proudly exclaims, "some of these old cemeteries are real places of beauty."

To keep them attractive, he included in his plans a maintenance operation to be administered by the Memorial Association. This will work, Lee knows, because he stimulated in this area real interest and pride in these grounds. He accomplished this, partly, by reminding his listeners that many noble Texas patriots lie in these fields. One whose grave he discovered was Louis Wil-



By restoring gravestones like this one he found in an old rural burial ground, Rotarian Simmons is helping to beautify his part of Texas, and is "giving to the dead the respect they should have." So far, he has discovered 77 county graveyards in need of care.





"I can handle this alone, Dad!"

mouth, a veteran of the Battle of San Jacinto in 1836.

To enable him to take on a hobby like this, Lee had to begin with high respect for the honored dead. Whenever his travels around the county wearied him, he drew inspiration from these words of William Gladstone, famed British statesman: "Show me the manner in which a nation or community cares for its dead and I will measure with mathematical exactness the tender sympathies of its people, their respect for the laws of the land, and their loyalties to high ideals."

## What's Your Hobby?

You name it—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—and THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will no doubt find among his readers someone else equally interested. All he asks: that you answer all letters.

**Stamps:** Dwijendra Nath (14-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), 13, Stanley Road, Allahabad, India.

**Stamps:** D. W. Hanscom (collects stamps; wishes correspondence using Rotary commemorative of sender's country; will reply using U.S.A. Rotary stamp), 24 Woodbury St., Beverly, Mass., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** J. Ilany-Felgenbaum (collects Rotary Golden Anniversary commemorative; will exchange for Israeli stamps), Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Palace Building, Jerusalem.

**Stamps:** John Black (son of Rotarian—collects stamps; wishes to exchange with collectors in any country outside of Canada, particularly British Commonwealth countries and Near and Far Eastern lands), Oakville-Trafalgar Memorial Hospital, Oakville, Ont., Canada.

**Stamps:** E. Sant'Anna de Almeida (collects Rotary Golden Anniversary commemorative; will supply Brazilian stamps in exchange), Clinica Medica Cirurgica, Rua Rio Branco, 522, Lins, Brazil.

**Stamps:** Mrs. Isolina O de Igartua (wife of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), Box 11, Aguadilla, Puerto Rico.

**Pen Pals:** The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

**Shirley Clar** (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals especially in Hawaii, England, France, India; interested in movies, swimming, popular records, moving-picture-star photos), Guerneville, Calif., U.S.A.

**Anna Rickard** (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen friends in countries outside U.S.A., Canada, New Zealand; hobbies include dancing, singing, collecting film-star photographs), 7 Diary St., South Casino, Australia.

**Robert Rickard** (10-year-old son of Rotarian—interests include riding, stamps, music), 7 Diary St., South Casino, Australia.

**Mari-Anne Grady** (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests: sports, stamp collecting, world history), 118 E. 11th St., Cozad, Nebr., U.S.A.

**Janet Ogburn** (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in horses, fashions from different countries), 837 Chestnut St., Yuba City, Calif., U.S.A.

**Irene Tansell** (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A.; interested in sports), Damariscotta, Me., U.S.A.

**Pour Ang Hui** (21-year-old niece of Rotarian—interested in music, sewing, reading, sports; will exchange stamps, postcards, books), No. 987 Song Wad Road, Bangkok, Thailand.

**Billie Nelson** (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—enjoys cooking, sewing, dancing, fishing, movies), Rd. 3, Mitchell, So. Dak., U.S.A.

**Otto Nelson** (17-year-old nephew of Rotarian—interested in swimming, dancing, singing, movies), Rd. 3, Mitchell, So. Dak., U.S.A.

**Michael Bulkeley** (son of Rotarian—wishes friends aged 10-12 outside U.S.A.; collects old keys and stamps), R. R., Abingdon, Ill., U.S.A.

**Ghassam R. Shouli** (16-year-old son of Rotarian—interested in sports, stamp collecting), Gish, Safael, Israel.

**Linn Skinner** (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in music, reading, Girl Scouts), Box 2383, Globe, Ariz., U.S.A.

**Janet M. Patterson** (19-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interests include golf, tennis, music, drama; will correspond in French), 18 Glenelg Spur, Murray Aynsley Hill, Christchurch, New Zealand.

**Carol Larry** (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in swimming, tennis, movies, Girl Scouts), 118 W. Emerson, Ithaca, Mich., U.S.A.

**Patricia Taffee** (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in horses, swimming, water skiing, reading), 908 N. Taffee Dr., Hastings, Mich., U.S.A.

**Joanne Urey** (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would especially like to correspond with American Indian girls; likes art, Indian lore, animals), P. O. Box 503, Azusa, Calif., U.S.A.

**John D. Tanner, Jr.** (son of Rotarian—interested in the American Civil War, reading, stamps; would like pen pals from the 11 Confederate States of the Civil War), Rt. 1, Box 439, Fallbrook, Calif., U.S.A.

**Anne Camille Lemée** (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—prefers pen pals outside U.S.A., especially those with doctor in family; collects stamps, records, spoons; likes art, music, horseback riding), 2603 Mansard St., Vernon, Tex., U.S.A.

**Connie Von Gunten** (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—enjoys sports and art), Box 47, Berne, Ind., U.S.A.

**Satish Kumar Bhandari** (15-year-old son of Rotarian—wants pen pals outside India; hobbies include stamps, reading, movies, making wood models), c/o R. C. Bhandari, Government Engineering College, Jabalpur, India.

**Susan Stanford** (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals from any country except U.S.A. and Canada; collects coins, dolls), P. O. Box 1021, Port Hueneme, Calif., U.S.A.

**Evangelina Asturias** (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—likes playing the piano, collecting unusual boxes, jewelry, dresses), 26 Juan Luna St., Tacloban, The Philippines.

**P. C. Bagherwal** (18-year-old son of Rotarian—interested in stamps, photography), 68 Itwari Bazar, Madhya Bharat, Indore, India.

**Kathleen Koch** (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in sports and art), Weidmann Rd., Route 1, Manchester, Mo., U.S.A.

**Jean Tracey** (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends outside U.S.A., especially from Ireland; hobbies include swimming, popular music, stamps, astronomy), 1513 Eighth Ave., Watervliet, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Daryl Kassler** (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants girl pen pals outside U.S.A.; enjoys stamps, movies, sports, photography), R.D. 2, Box 210, Charleroi, Pa., U.S.A.

**Barbara McHardy** (daughter of Rotarian—would like pen friends 9-12 years old; interested in postcards, sewing, handicrafts), St. Anne's, C.E.G.G.S., Sale, Australia.

**Heather Holbrook** (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals her age from Italy, India, France, Ireland; likes music, show ponies, skiing, skating), 141 Moana Ave., Tahunanui, Nelson, New Zealand.

**Mary Brodie Jones** (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—likes music, reading, horses, sports), Warrentown, N. C., U.S.A.

**Camilla Bathiche** (19-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in sports, music, movies, dancing), Midan St. 83, Nazareth, Israel.

**Dirk Bins** (13-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to write to English- or French-speaking Japanese boy aged 13-14 who likes ancient history, stamps, postcards, photography), Treneest. 32, Breda, The Netherlands.

**Barbara Bradley** (14-year-old niece of Rotarian—hobbies include stamps, sports, movies, travel, reading, music), Schenectady, N. Y., U.S.A.

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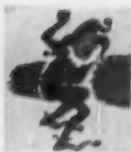
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# Stripped GEARS



## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to *Stripped Gears*, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. This favorite is from Mrs. Paul Marschalk, wife of a Huron, South Dakota, Rotarian.

A wealthy Texas oil man had just won a lawsuit in which he had been sued for a large sum of money. He was very grateful to his attorney, whom he decided to reward with a gift over and above the regular fee. Going to him, he said:

"I'd like to buy you a present and I mean a nice present. Is there something special you'd like?"

The attorney, an ardent golfer, said, "I surely would like a set of matched golf clubs."

"How many would there be in a matched set?" asked the Texan. "About 12," was the reply.

Several months elapsed and the attorney heard nothing about the golf clubs. Then one day he chanced to meet the oil man, who said, "I haven't forgotten about your present. You'll be getting it, but I've had a little trouble matching up those golf clubs. I've found three of them without swimming pools."

three consecutive letters which, when placed together in order, will form a well-known saying:

Abide. Hardiness. Anthem. Freehand. Handiest. Sworn. North. Twopence. Mint. Hebrew. Brush.

This quiz was submitted by Elizabeth Merriehew, of Long Beach, California.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

## Twice Told Tales

An editor received a story from one of his reporters about the theft of 2,025 pigs from one farmer. Curious about the large number, he phoned the farmer. "Are you the farmer whose pigs were stolen?" he began.

"Yeth, I thure am," replied the farmer.

The editor thanked him, turned, and rewrote the story about the theft of two sows and 25 pigs.—*The Rotary Rip*, WHITBY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Two women who were watching a basketball game for the first time happened to be seated together. At one point one of the women asked the other what the players were doing when they were running around and bounding the ball up and down.

"I don't know," replied the other, and,

leaning toward the man seated next to her, asked him what the players were doing.

"Well," she said, turning back to her companion, "ask a foolish question and you'll get a foolish answer. He says they're dribbling."—*Rotary Bulletin*, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A real-estate agent was showing an old farmhouse to a woman prospect, who made a few sketches on a pad and admitted, "I could do a lot with that house." But then she added wistfully: "On the other hand, I believe I said the same thing the first time I looked at my husband."—*Rotareview*, SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The toastmaster introduced the speaker with great fervor, stressing her years of faithful service to the club and eulogizing her ability and charm. Somewhat overwhelmed the speaker faced the audience. "After such an introduction," she said disarmingly, "I can hardly wait to hear what I'm going to say."—*Rotary Wheel*, RIFON, WISCONSIN.

## Cumulative Evidence

My pa couldn't argue with his dad;  
My grandpa couldn't discuss  
Import issues with a lad—  
Pa was the same with us.

Our elders had much peace of mind,  
Prestige, and superstight,  
We reason with our kids and find—  
They frequently are right!

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

## Answers to Quizzes

CHRISTMAS AVIS: 1-8-2-1-3-4-5-10-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223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## TESTIMONIAL LETTER #4

**Clarín**

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November 10, 1949

*...and still advertising  
regularly in the Rotarian*

Mr. Walter Buell  
Advertising Manager  
The Rotarian Magazine  
35 East Wacker Drive  
Chicago 1, Illinois

Dear Mr. Buell:

Our schedules of advertising in magazines are obviously planned to reach markets which we feel have a need for our products. Repeat schedules are placed only with publications that produce a satisfactory volume and quality of inquiries.

THE ROTARIAN proved itself in the initial schedule. Our cost per inquiry from your magazine is as satisfactory as in the case of any other publication we use — including the trade books. It has brought us excellent returns from business, industrial, educational and religious institutions.

We have found that advertising in THE ROTARIAN pays, and that is why we have increased our schedule with you from six to twelve insertions annually.

Cordially yours,

*A. J. Jacobson*  
A. J. Jacobson  
President

THERE ARE MORE **Clarín** STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS IN INSTITUTIONAL SERVICE THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

Advertisers of equipment,  
supplies and services for business, community,  
institutional, or personal use find a ready acceptance for their  
product or service through



**The ROTARIAN**

1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois





## The Country Banker

He knows his business — the country banker, and he knows the community's business too. He may limit his own horizon of action to his community's interest, but he has the perspective to see whether his community is moving with or against the surge of progress.

When he's called on to pass on a loan application by a local merchant, he considers the need as well as the responsibility. When a storekeeper asks for a seasonal lift, the banker knows the customs of the trade with its peak buying and selling periods. He considers the risk with the qualifications of the man as the

best collateral. The need for physical collateral is always secondary to the talent of the merchant and his stamina for the up-hill climb.

Occasionally, he has to say "No," but when he does he has the facts to support the decision. He would rather say "Yes," but he is a realist first and an optimist afterward. When he looks down Main Street, he can see many current and continuing risks which reflect the prosperity and growth of the community. Among them are his friends and neighbors who respect his judgment, his understanding and his foresight.

*This advertisement is one of a series devoted to the business and professional men and women who render distinguished service to their communities.*

**Dun & Bradstreet, Inc.**  
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